CHINESE LITERATURE

1

1971

Our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms
Vice-Chairman Lin Piao

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

We should take over the rich legacy and the good traditions in literature and art that have been handed down from past ages in China and foreign countries, but the aim must still be to serve the masses of the people. Nor do we refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people.

— *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*

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Stage photographs from "Red Detachment of Women" 80-81

Front Cover: Hung Chang-ching points out the revolutionary road to Wu Ching-hua (a photo from "Red Detachment of Women")

No. 1. 1971

Red Detachment of Women

(May 1970 script)

Revised collectively by the China Ballet Troupe

Principal Characters

Hung Chang-ching	*male, Party representative in the Women's Company*
Wu Ching-hua	*soldier in the Women's Company, later its Party representative*
Company Commander	*leader of the Women's Company*
Pang	*boy messenger in the Red Army*
The Tyrant of the South	*despotic landlord, commander of counter-revolutionary "civil guards"*
Lao Szu	*his bailiff, head of the "civil guards"*

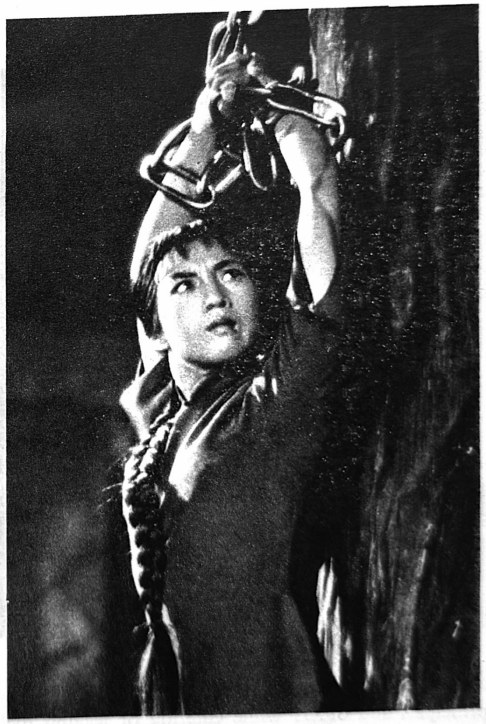
PROLOGUE

The Second Revolutionary Civil War Period (1927-1937). Hainan Island. Night. The Tyrant of the South's dungeon.

(*The curtain rises.*)

Chained to a post is Wu Ching-hua, daughter of a poor peasant. She hates being a bondmaid, a slave. Several times she has run away, but each time she has been caught, brought back and cruelly beaten. She stands with head and chest high, her eyes blazing with hatred. If only she could smash the bloody shackles which bind her and wreck the lair of these man-eating beasts! (1)

With her in the dungeon are two other peasant women, locked up by the Tyrant because they have been unable to pay their land rent. They too have been beaten savagely. (2) Fists clenched, they pour out their hatred.



(1)

(*The two women dance.*)

Lao Szu, the Tyrant's bailiff and bully-boy, enters with a guard. He has been ordered to take Ching-hua out and sell her. He unlocks the shackles, releasing Ching-hua. Strong

class feeling makes her forget her painful injuries and rush to her cellmates. She urges them to fight the Tyrant to the end.

Lao Szu comes after her and menaces her with his whip, pushing her towards the dungeon door.

Catching him off guard, Ching-hua seizes the whip and kicks him to the ground. (*At the door, she does "kung chien pu." Her arms forcefully spread, she glares at Lao Szu, and performs the "liang hsiang."**)

He starts to rise. The two women throw themselves on him and the guard and hold them fast. (3)

Ching-hua watches in concern. The women urge her to flee.

She dashes out of the tiger's maw with determination.

(2)

*A term in traditional Chinese opera. It is a still, statuesque pose assumed for a brief moment by the principals and others while entering or leaving the stage, sometimes after a dance or an acrobatic feat, in order to bring out sharply and concentratedly the spiritual outlook of the characters.

(3)

(*Dark change*)

SCENE ONE

Immediately following the prologue. Late at night in the dark cocoanut grove.

(*Lanterns marked "South Manor" gleam.*)

Lao Szu and a gang of guards are in pursuit of Ching-hua. Carrying whips and ropes, they prowl like beasts of prey among the cocoanut trees, but in vain. Lao Szu is fuming with rage. He orders his men to scatter and search.

(*Dance of Lao Szu and the guards.*)

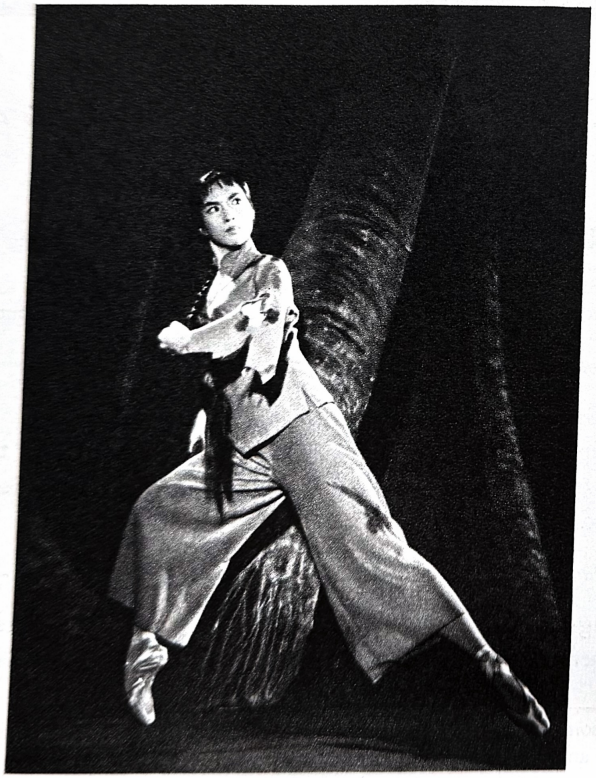
Ching-hua is hidden behind a tree. After the gangsters leave, she emerges quickly. (*She does "tsu chien kung chien pu liang hsiang."*) (4)

(*Solo dance.*)

She advances swiftly in big strides. (*Then she rapidly does "tsu chien sui pu — pas couru," and "pi cha tiao — pas de chat," followed by "pu pu."*) Separating small trees with her hands, she cautiously peers in all directions, then runs deeper into the grove. The enemy's chase intensifies her hatred. If they don't catch her, she'll flee. If they do, she'll fight. Rather death than slavery! (*She does "ping chuan — chaîné," "yeh tui chuan — tour en dedans," "hsien shen tan hai — attitude basse" and "tao ti tzu chin kuan."*) (5)

Discovering guards coming her way, Ching-hua nimbly hides behind a tree.

(4) "tsu chien kung chien pu liang hsiang"



(5) "tao ti tzu chin kuan"

Two of the men furtively search.

She cleverly eludes them but in the darkness bumps into Lao Szu. They grapple in a desperate struggle.

(*Struggle dance.*)

Ching-hua turns and jumps up. Flinging off his arms, she swings one leg in a sweeping kick. (6) Lao Szu leaps to avoid it. She turns and runs. Pursuing, he grabs her left arm. She angrily pushes down on him. Neither give way. (*They do "hsi tui la chuan — tour lent à deux."*)

(6)

She breaks loose. Again he pounces on her. She fights fiercely. (*She does "pi cha," "chiao chu," and "chien shih pien shen tiao — jeté entrelacé," then performs the "liang hsiang."*)

"You're coming back with me," Lao Szu yells.

She furiously raises her head. "I'll die first!" Lao Szu is weakening. Ching-hua's courage doubles. She twists his arm, (7) bites him fiercely and kicks him to the ground.

She runs, but the vicious guards catch up and surround her. They are too many for her. She again falls into their clutches.

The Tyrant of the South rushes in, followed by guards and bondmaids. The sight of Ching-hua's stubborn resistance enrages him. He cruelly presses her temple with the tip of his cane. She is adamant and refuses to bow her head. (8) He strikes her savagely. She seizes one end of the cane. She will fight even if it costs her life. (*They do "chuan fan shen."*) The Tyrant trembles with rage. He orders his guards to drag Ching-hua aside. "Beat her to death!" he howls.

Whip blows are heard. The hearts of the bondmaids, who share the same suffering and hatred as Ching-hua, burn like fire. They are torn by anxiety for her. The tearing cuts of the whips seem to be ripping their own flesh. If only they could save their class sister!

(*The bondmaids dance.*) (9)

The Tyrant decides to make Ching-hua an example to cow the others. He orders that she be dragged in and beaten to death before their eyes.

Ching-hua refuses to yield. She continues to fight courageously as the lackeys rain blows on her with their whips. (*She does "tan hai fan shen" and "kuo pao."*) (10) She struggles, chest high and fists raised, until they beat her unconscious.

(7)

(8)

Lao Szu announces that she is dead. "Anyone who resists or tries to escape," the Tyrant grates threateningly to the bondmaids, "will meet the same fate."

Thunder rumbles. A storm is brewing. The Tyrant, Lao Szu and other lackeys hastily leave. Heart-broken, the bondmaids rush towards Ching-hua. (11) The guards drive them away.

Lightning flashes, thunder rumbles. A violent storm shakes the cocoanut grove.

In the deluging rain, Ching-hua slowly revives.

(*Solo dance.*)

Her body a mass of excruciating wounds, weak from hunger and cold, where can she go in this dark night? Is there no end to the cocoanut grove? (*She does "tsu chien sui pu — pas suivi."*) (12) Is there no road open to oppressed slaves? Haltingly, she stumbles forward, forward.... Then the pain overcomes her and she falls in a faint.

The rain passes, the sky clears. Dawn breaks through the mist. Sunlight slants into the cocoanut grove.

Red Army cadre Hung Chang-ching and his messenger Pang enter, disguised as peasants. They are on a scouting mission.

(*Hung and Pang dance.*)

Bold, steady and alert, a bamboo hat in hand, Hung advances, examining the surroundings. (*He does "chi pu yuan chang," inclined forward to look around, then performs the "liang hsiang."*) He peers everywhere with flashing eyes. (*Lightly he does "chien yueh — sissonne ouverte," "tso pu — chassé," "shang pu fan shen," and performs the "liang hsiang."*) (13, 14)

He and Pang discover Ching-hua. They run over and lift her up. She gradually comes to. On seeing two strangers, she struggles to run away.

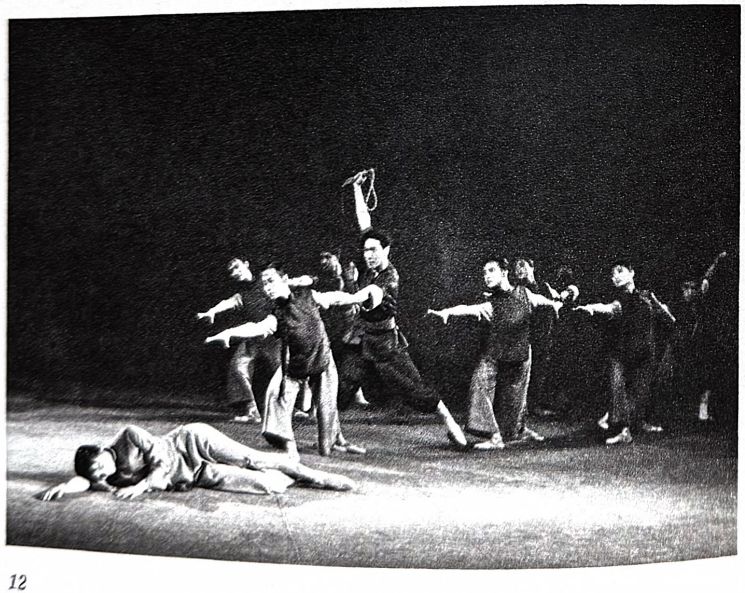
"Don't be afraid," they say kindly. "We're poor working people just like you."

Dizzy from her exertions, Ching-hua nearly falls. Hung quickly supports her. He sees the bloody weals on her arms. Shocked, he gently pats them with the towel from around his neck. (15)

(9)

(10) "tan hai fan shen"

(11)



Class hatred flames in his heart. "Who beat you like this?"

His simple, earnest manner dispels Ching-hua's suspicions. She angrily points towards where the Tyrant has gone. "That fiend who kills without blinking an eye — the Tyrant of the South!"

"The Tyrant of the South," Hung and Pang repeat in fury. "That butcher! We'll make him pay for his countless bloody crimes."

In concern Hung asks: "Where will you go now? Where is your home?"

"Home? I have no home...."

Hung is filled with deep proletarian feeling for this poor peasant's daughter who has suffered so bitterly. He points and says: "Beyond the cocoanut grove, on the other side of the mountain, red flags wave in the bright sun. The armed forces of us workers and peasants are there. Go to them, become a soldier and get revenge."

Ching-hua, though lacerated and bruised all over, is greatly inspired. "No matter how many hardships and dangers, that's the road I will take."

(12) "tsu chien sui pu — pas suivi"

(13) "chien yueh — sissonne ouverte"

(*Hung, Ching-hua and Pang dance.*)

The men, fists clenched, take leaping steps to urge Ching-hua on. (*They do "hsi tui tiao — temps levé, jambe repliée."*) She is tremendously encouraged. (*She does "ho li hsuan chuan — grande pirouette attitude."*) In the bright morning sunlight, Hung enthusiastically points out the road to revolution. (*The three perform the "tsao hsing."**) (16)

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*A sculptural dancing pose struck by the artists in the course of a dance or during a pause in order to present a harmonious unity of physical appearance and mental world of the characters.

(14)

Hung takes two silver coins from his pocket and gives them to Ching-hua. "Here is something for the road."

Silver! The girl stares, astonished. (*She does a startled stance on points.*) (17)

Ching-hua, Ching-hua, a tender shoot who sprouted from under a stone, who grew steeped in bitter water, who has worked since childhood like a beast of burden, a girl who never had a home or saw a dear one. (*Agitated, she moves backwards on "sui pu — pas couru."*)

"Is . . . is this for me?"

Hung nods. "For you."

Ching-hua doesn't know what to do. Tears in her eyes, she gazes fixedly at Hung, filled with gratitude.

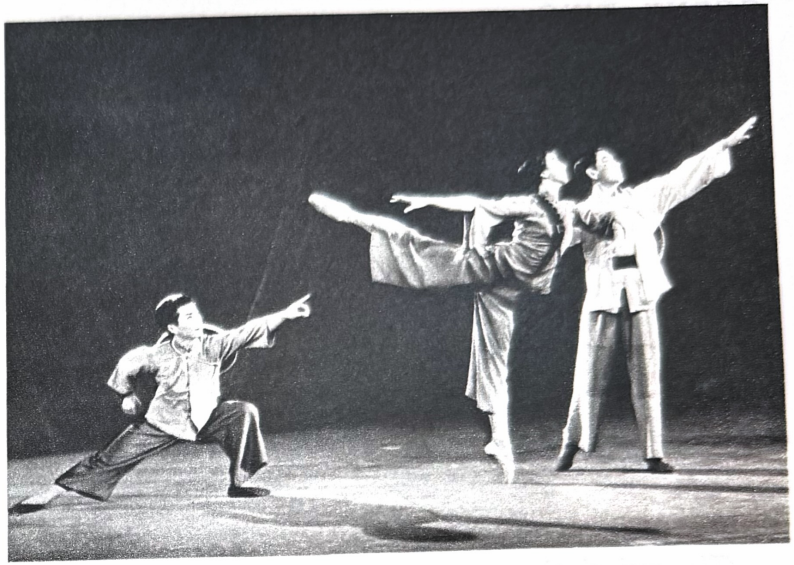
Such kindness is much too profound for her!

(15)

She wipes her hands on the front of her tunic and, trembling, accepts the silver. She gives Hung a deep bow, then flies off in the direction he has indicated.

Hung and Pang watch till she is out of sight. Then, alertly scanning the dense grove, they continue scouting. (*They perform the "liang hsiang."*)

(*Curtain*)



(16)

(17)

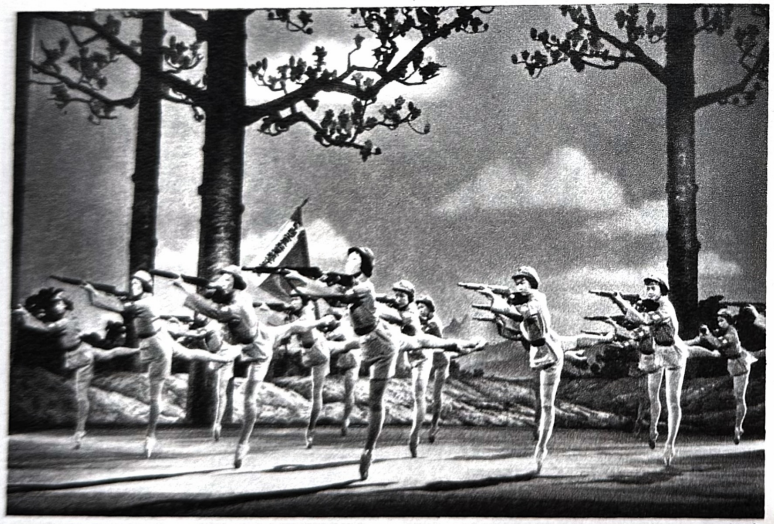
SCENE TWO

(*Vigorous, ringing, the "March of the Women's Company."*)

Forward, forward!
Important the soldiers' task, deep the women's hatred.
Smash your shackles, rise in revolution!
We're the women's company, taking up arms for the people.
Forward, forward!
Important the soldiers' task, deep the women's hatred.
Communism is the truth, the Party leads the way.
Slaves will arise, slaves will arise!
Forward, forward! . . .

A morning several days later, on the drill field in a Red base.

(*The curtain rises.*)



(18)

(*Fleecy white clouds dot the clear blue sky, coloured flags flutter in the breeze, songs fill the air. A lofty kapok tree is in bloom with a profusion of red flowers.*)

A happy crowd of local people have gathered by the kapok tree to celebrate the formation of the Red Army Women's Company. There are young and old, Red Militia, girls of the Li nationality. . . .

(*Group dance.*)
("*March of the Women's Company*" *again rings forth.*)

(19) "yen shih tiao"

(20)

Bright and brave, the Red women soldiers, with Party Representative Hung and the Company Commander at their head, march briskly to the drill field. The peasants are overjoyed, children jump merrily, welcoming cheers resound.

Hung and the Company Commander solemnly proclaim the formal establishment of the Red Company of Women of the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army!

The Company Commander orders a practice drill. The girls perform a spirited rifle drill (*"tsu chien sui pu — pas suivi"*) to the commands of their leader. (18)

(*Target practice dance.*)

Hung brandishes a sword vigorously with the fearless heroism of revolutionary soldiers.

(*Sword dance.*)

He advances with firm, broad steps. (*He does "tao hua," and performs the "liang hsiang" with sword raised.*) He leaps into the air boldly. (*He does "sheh yen ta tiao," "pei tao fei chiao," "yen shih tiao," "hsiao*

(21)

(22)

peng tzu — série de renversés" and "la tui peng tzu — grand jeté en tournant," and performs the "liang hsiang" with a sword slash.) (19, 20)

Women soldiers, also flourishing swords, fly back and forth on the stage, steel blades flashing, militant cries ringing.

(*Women's sword dance.*)

A little girl soldier, sturdy and nimble, spiritedly practises with hand grenades.

(*The little girl soldier solo.*) (21)

Women soldiers, bright and bold, do a bayonet drill. It ends with shouts of fierce class hatred.

(*Bayonet dance.*)

Five brawny Red Militia men dash out from the crowd with a five-inch dagger in each hand. They perform a dance full of leaps

(23)

and twists, brave and clever, manifesting the great strength of the people's forces.

(*Dagger dance.*) (22)

The soldiers and civilians are of one heart. Everyone is stirred. Children perform a mime in dance showing the overthrow of the Tyrant of the South. The whole place is in a ferment.

(*Dance by the entire ensemble.*)

Suddenly, a Children's Corps sentry rushes in and announces: A girl who has run away from Cocoanut Grove Manor is here.

(24)

She's arrived at last! Ching-hua, having overcome severe hardships, walks stumbling forward. Everyone surrounds her in concern and supports her. Kids in the Children's Corps tell her: "This is a Red base. See, the red flag!"

Red flag! Ching-hua stares at the rippling banner with deep emotion. She staggers forward and presses it against her cheek. Tears roll down her face.

"Red flag, oh, red flag, today I've found you!..." (23)

Soldiers and peasants crowd around. In agitation she looks at the women soldiers in their new uniforms, at the red star on their caps, the red tabs on their collars, their red armbands.... She excitedly touches the girls by the hand.

"I want to be a woman soldier too!"

Hung, the Company Commander and Pang the young messenger come forward. Ching-hua immediately recognizes her benefactors and is very excited. Hung enthusiastically presents her to the Company Commander and the peasants. "This class sister has been cruelly oppressed and her hatred is strong. She was nearly killed several

(25) "tse shen hsi tui"

(26) "pei shen kuei pu"

(27)

times, but finally managed to escape from the hellish Cocoanut Grove Manor."

All the soldiers and peasants give Ching-hua a hearty welcome.

The Company Commander hands her a bowl of cocoanut milk. "Drink. This is your home now. We are all your class sisters." (24)

Cocoanut milk! The cool sweet liquid is infused with deep class feeling. For more than ten years Ching-hua had been a bondmaid, a slave. No one treated her like a human being. But today beneath the red flag, how warm the sunshine, how friendly the people! She raises the bowl with both hands and drinks.

The Company Commander notices the weals on her arms and asks her about herself. For generations Ching-hua's family suffered bloody oppression. Fury wells up in her heart. She pours out the story of the crimes of the Tyrant of the South.

(*Solo dance.*)

She pulls up her sleeves and reveals the whip marks covered with blood. (*She does "tse shen hsi tui," "chan chih tun chuan" and "pei shen*

(28)

kuei pu.") (25,26) She tells of the tortures she endured in the Tyrant's dungeon. (*From "pang yueh pu — jeté fermé" she turns to "tsu chien ping li — soutenu en tournant." In the "tsao hsing" she shows how she was chained in the Tyrant's dungeon.*) (27) She tells how she was nearly beaten to death by the Tyrant in the cocoanut grove. (*She does "tan hai fan shen" and expresses her fury in the "liang hsiang."*)

Hung points out the cruelties inflicted on Ching-hua's family for generations as a lesson to the soldiers and peasants, saying:

"Her suffering is ours. Her hatred is ours. Slaves must arise. But only by taking up guns and waging revolution under the guidance of our great leader Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party can we win a new world and liberate hundreds of millions of suffering people." (*He does "hsi tui ta tiao," and "kung chuan — tour en l'air" and performs the "liang hsiang" with an arm extended.*)

Tremendously aroused, the masses hold up banners reading: "Down with the tyrants! Share out the land!" "Capture the Tyrant of the South." They are determined to overthrow the Tyrant and liberate Cocoanut Grove Manor.

Hung and the Company Commander approve Ching-hua's request to join the army. The Company Commander hands her a rifle.

Ching-hua excitedly accepts it. Chest high, she takes her place in the fighting ranks of the Red Company of Women. (28)

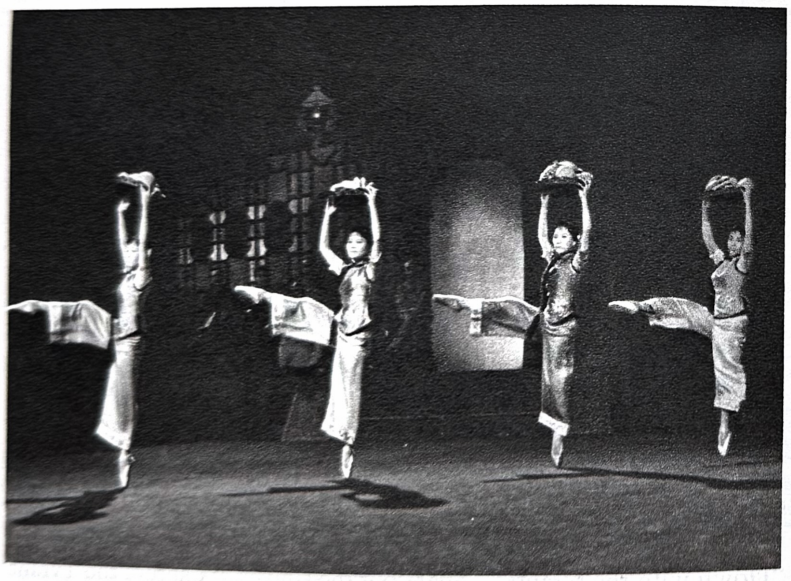
(*Curtain*)

SCENE THREE

Dusk. The courtyard of the Tyrant's manor.

The curtain rises.)

It is the Tyrant's birthday. The manor is a scene of hectic activity. Guards carry pots of wine, platters of meat, expensive gifts. Some noisily drive across the yard a number of Li nationality girls they have



(29)

(30)

seized. Local tyrants, evil gentry, Kuomintang scoundrels and bandit chieftains arrive to join in the festivities.

The Tyrant emerges from the manor house to greet his guests. Local tyrants and Kuomintang scoundrels present gifts, bow and offer birthday greetings. Highly elated, the Tyrant invites them into the banquet hall.

His wife orders the bondmaids to serve fruit and cakes.

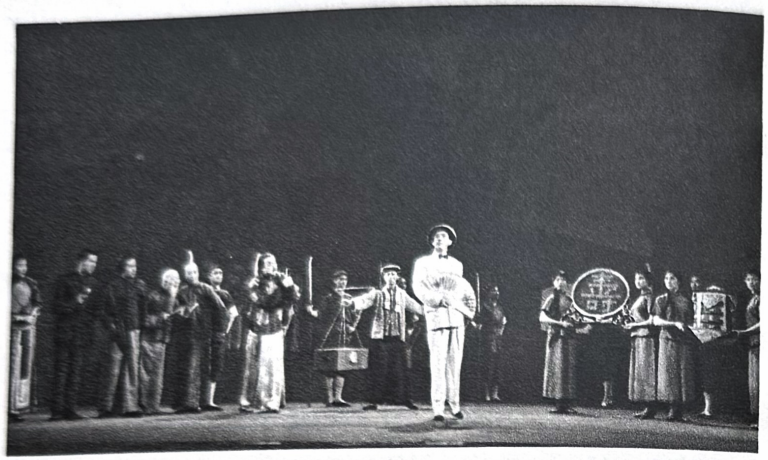
(*The bondmaids dance.*) (29)

Guards with whips compel the Li girls to dance for the birthday banquet. Filled with loathing for the Tyrant and his despotic landlord and gentry guests, the girls are forced to comply.

(*Li nationality dance.*) (30)

A guard hurries in with a red calling card which he hands to the Tyrant, announcing: "An important guest has arrived."

The Tyrant looks at the card. A big merchant from overseas! He doesn't know him. What brings him here? The gentry discuss this, but cannot agree on a reason. Dizzied by the prospect of lavish



(31)

(32)

gifts, the Tyrant is not willing to let the opportunity slip by. He orders his guards to line up and present arms in welcome to the important guest.

The "important guest" is none other than Hung, Party representative in the Women's Company. After several days of scouting he

has learned the enemy's situation and has worked out a plan. That is, he will take advantage of the confusion created by the Tyrant's birthday party and enter the enemy's lair disguised as a big merchant, accompanied by Pang and other fighters, also in disguise. At midnight, shots will be fired as a signal for the Red Army to attack from the outside while he and his group strike from within. In this way they will wipe out the Tyrant and his gang.

Calm and dignified, Hung strides into the courtyard. (*Loftily, he performs the "liang hsiang."*) (31)

The Tyrant hastily comes forward to greet him. Hung orders his "retainers" to present the gifts. The Tyrant stares greedily. With excessive courtesy he bids his guest take a seat of honour.

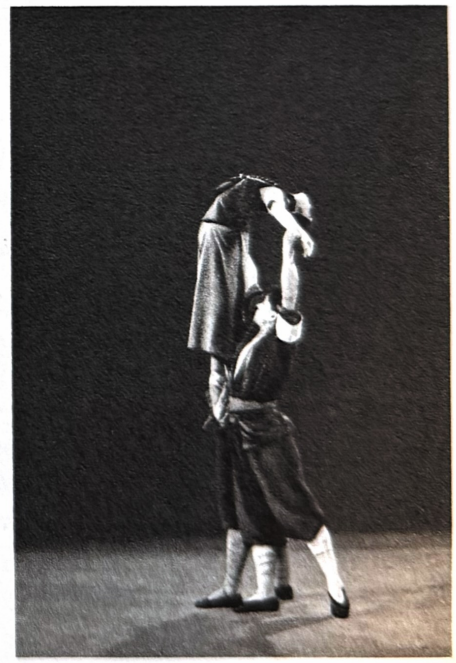
To impress Hung, he directs Lao Szu and the guards to put on military display.

(*Guards dance with halberds. Lao Szu executes a boxing dance.*) (32)

Hung flings them a handful of silver. They scramble avidly for the rolling coins. The Tyrant, embarrassed, invites Hung into the banquet hall.

It is now late at night. The manor looks exceedingly gloomy.

Ching-hua and another girl soldier steal in, disguised as bondmaids. They want



(33)

(34) "pi cha tiao — pas de chat"

to make contact with Pang. At the doorway, they quietly dispose of the sentry, then look around carefully. Ching-hua explains the layout of the manor to the other girl.

Footsteps are heard approaching. The girls turn quickly and alertly hide behind a rockery.

Two guards pursue and savagely beat a little bondmaid. She falls senseless to the ground. They carry her off. (33)

(*Dance of guards and little bondmaid.*)

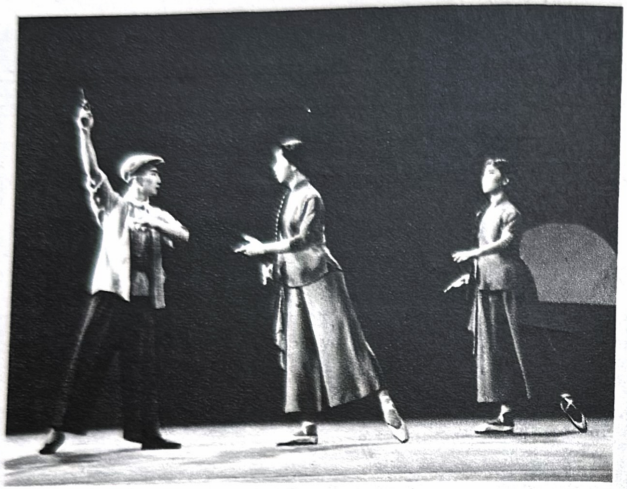
Ching-hua watches in a fury. She charges out to save her suffering class sister. (*She does "ying feng chan chih — arabesque," "chien shih pien shen tiao — jeté entrelacé" and "pi cha tiao — pas de chat."*) (34) The other girl stops her.

Pang cautiously approaches in the dark. He gives the secret signal Ching-hua has been waiting for. (*He does "kua yeh tui kung chuan," and "tsan pu," landing in a "pu pu" followed by a "kuo men kan."*)

(*Pang solo.*) (35)

Ching-hua hears his signal and goes to him. He tells her there has been no change in the enemy situation. They will proceed according to plan, and strike when Hung fires the shot. (36) Pang swiftly returns to his own post.

(35) "kuo men kan"



(36)

(37) "pien tui chuan"

(38) "hsien shen tan hai — attitude basse"

Loud voices in the banquet hall. The Tyrant and the guests come out. He is seeing them off.

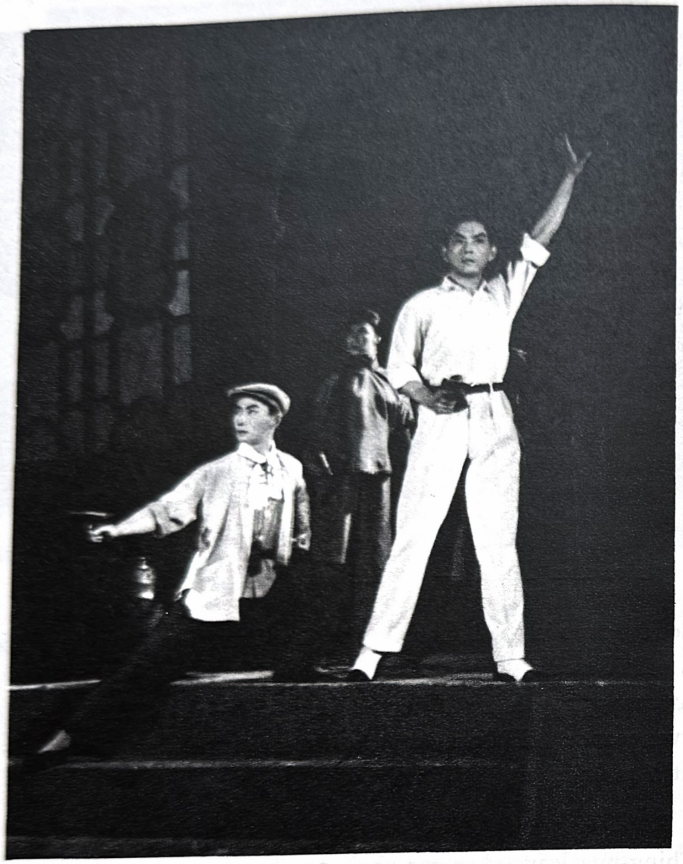
At the sight of the Tyrant, Ching-hua's whole being cries out for vengeance. She has only one thought: "Kill the Tyrant of the South! Get revenge! Revenge!"

(*She and her companion dance.*)

Ching-hua leaves her companion and rushes out. (*She does "tao ti tzu chin kuan" and "pien tui chuan."*) (37) The girl tries to hold her back. Ching-hua is in an uncontrollable rage. (*She does "hsien shen tan hai — attitude basse" and "ying feng chan chih — arabesque."*) (38) Pushing her companion aside, she turns abruptly and fires two shots, wounding the Tyrant. Ching-hua has prematurely given the signal.

The startled enemy come swarming out. Ching-hua's companion pulls her into cover.

Shots crackle on all sides. The Red Army unit has surrounded the bandit lair. Terrified, the wounded Tyrant jumps into a concealed tunnel with Lao Szu and flees.



(39)

Hung swiftly emerges from the hall and calmly prepares to cope with the unexpected change. (39) He makes a rapid appraisal, then orders Pang and the others to kill the guards in co-ordination with the Red Army's assault from the outside.

The guards break and scatter in cowardly flight.

The flag of victory waves over the manor. Tears in their eyes, the peasants surge into the courtyard. Hung and the Company Commander tell them: "We've opened the Tyrant's granary. All that

(40)

(41)

grain was produced by the sweat and blood of the poor. It's now going to be distributed to you."

Cheering, the peasants race towards the granary.

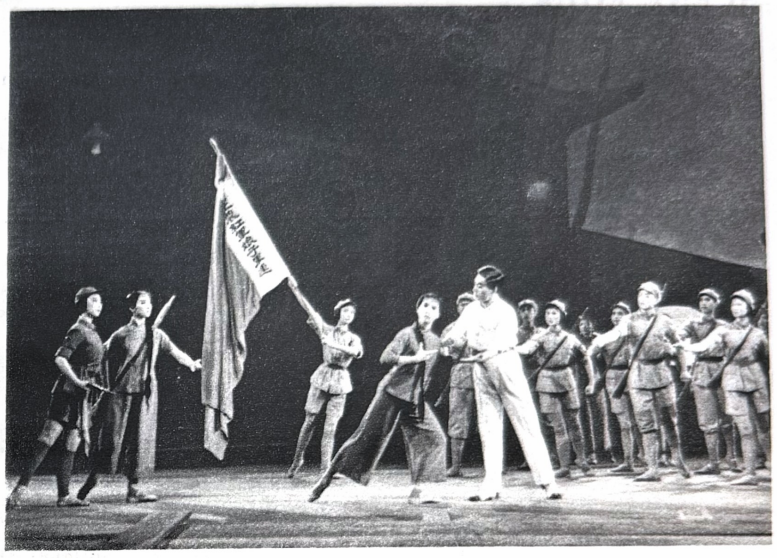
Pang comes forward with the Tyrant's cane. "The bandit chieftains, big and small, have all been wiped out," he says. "Only the Tyrant and Lao Szu are missing." The Company Commander and Pang go to search the rear courtyard. (40)

The peasants, on receiving grain, are overjoyed. Hung carries in a big basketful. Warmly, fondly, he delivers it into the hands of an old farmhand. With uplifted bags of golden grain, the peasants cheer again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long live the Communist Party!" "We thank our dear ones — the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army!" (41)

(*A grain distribution dance by the masses.*)

Pang and the Company Commander bring in an old despotic landlord they have found in the rear courtyard. In response to Hung's stern queries, he tremblingly reveals the Tyrant's tunnel.

(42)



(43)

Ching-hua realizes that the Tyrant has escaped. Enraged and impatient, she tries to plunge, gun in hand, into the tunnel, but Hung stops her.

The Company Commander severely criticizes her for breaching discipline, and relieves her of her gun. (42) Ching-hua is very upset.

Concerned about her, Hung comes over and questions her in detail. (43)

(*Curtain*)

SCENE FOUR

Early morning. Rosy clouds fill the sky. A Red Army camp by the Wanchuan River.

(The curtain rises.)

On a blackboard beneath the cocoanut trees is written: **"Only by emancipating all mankind can the proletariat achieve its own final emancipation."** Hung is conducting a political class for the women soldiers. (44)

(Hung solo)

With grand sweeping gestures he points to the distance, indicating the great goals of the proletarian revolution and the responsibilities

(44)

(45)

of revolutionary fighters. (45) "Revolution is not simply a matter of personal vengeance," he says. "Its aim is the emancipation of all mankind." *(He does "yi ti hsi tui kung chuan — saut de basque," "to ni," "pang tui kung chuan — grand temps levé en tournant à la seconde," and performs the "liang hsiang.")*

(46)

(47) "sheh yen" stance in a kneeling position

Revolutionary truth illuminates the fighters' hearts like the sun. Standing before the ranks, Hung encourages them to unite closely, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, and join in the revolutionary torrent which will sweep away the old world. (46)

Class is dismissed. Ching-hua remains behind. She studies the shining words on the blackboard, then walks and sits on a stump.

(*Ching-hua solo.*)

She rises again slowly, her mind in ferment, and tries to grasp the significance of what the Party representative has just said. (*She takes "tsu chien sui pu — pas suivi," followed by a "sheh yen" stance in a kneeling position.*) (47)

Regretfully, she recalls her mistake in opening fire without permission in Cocoanut Grove Manor. "In the whole world is there any

proletarian who hasn't been steeped in blood and tears? Why do I think only of vengeance for myself?" (*With a quick succession of "tsao hsing" on points, she demonstrates how she shot at the Tyrant of the South.*)

She runs to the blackboard, reads it carefully. Suddenly, she understands. (*She turns forcefully, does "ling kung yueh — grand jeté," "ho li shih — attitude" and "hsien shen tan hai — attitude basse."*) She strides resolutely to greet the rising sun. Fist raised she vows: "I will follow Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party for ever and be a conscious proletarian vanguard soldier fighting all my life for the liberation of mankind!" (48)

The Company Commander, returning from target practice, fondly hails her. Ching-hua, ashamed, walks over and criticizes herself. Pleased to see Ching-hua maturing politically, the Company Commander cannot restrain her affection for the stubborn new fighter. She urges Ching-hua to continue raising her proletarian conscious-

(48) "ho li shih — attitude"

ness and to channel her hatred for the class enemy into proficient skill at annihilating them. Under the Company Commander's instructions, Ching-hua practises shooting and grenade throwing.

(*They dance.*) (49)

Hung arrives and is happy to see Ching-hua determined, militant and in high spirits. He tells the Company Commander to return Ching-hua's gun. (50) Greatly moved, the girl expresses her revolutionary determination to the Party representative and the Company Commander.

In the sunshine of the revolutionary base, the heroic Red Army Women's Company is united, alert, earnest and lively. It has a flourishing and youthful spirit.

Soldiers return from drill with captured enemy rifles and report to Hung. He chats with them and urges them to capture still more weapons and wipe out still more of the foe.

Several women soldiers enter, carrying fish and vegetables they have grown themselves. Hung goes to work with the soldiers.

(49) "ling kung yueh — grand jeté"

(50)

A girl soldier mends an army tunic for one of the men. A man soldier is exchanging absorbedly experiences of target practice with a girl. A group of soldiers patrol along the bank of the river, vigilantly guarding the Red base.

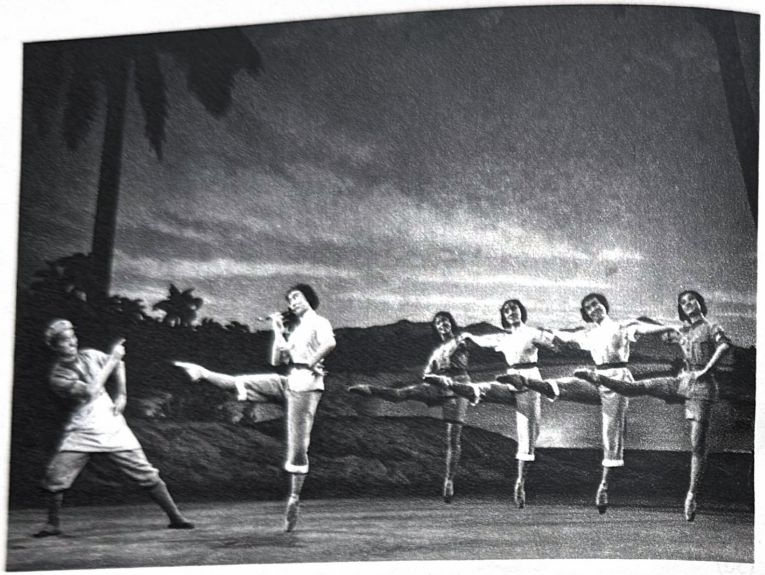
A few girl soldiers, washing vegetables by the river, notice the head cook approaching with a pair of buckets on a shoulder pole. They mischievously block him, snatch the buckets and cheerfully fetch water for him.

(*Dance of the girls and the head cook.*) (51)

Merry songs of approaching peasants can be heard in the distance. Hung and the Company Commander go with soldiers to meet them.

Peasants enter with bamboo hats they have woven and lichee they have picked, and present them to the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army.

Holding the hats, the peasant girls dance and sing of the close ties between the soldiers and the civilians. (52, 53)



(51)

(*Song:*)

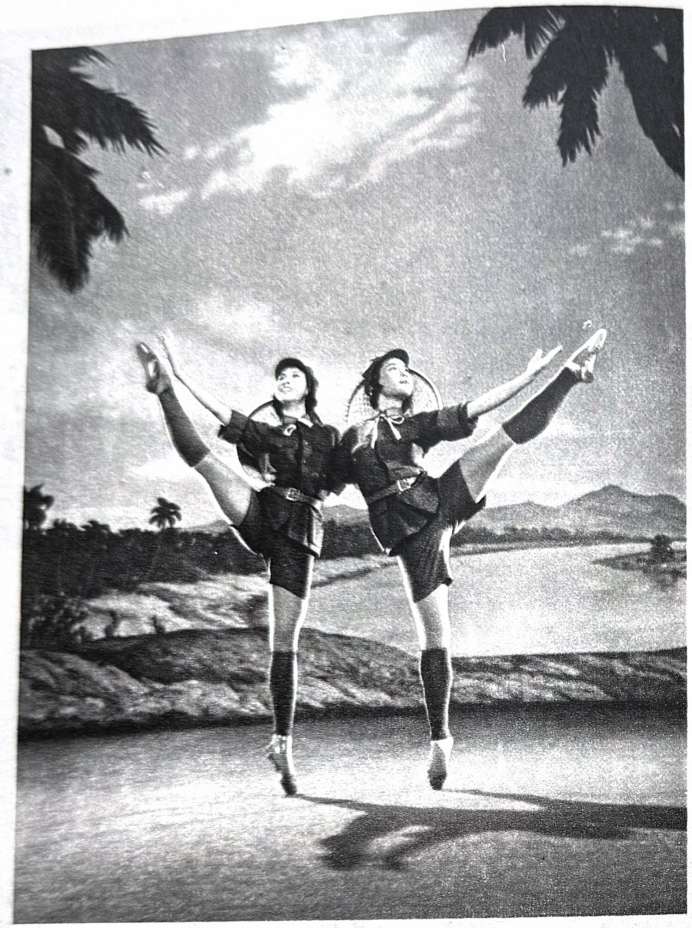
The river water is clear, oh clear,
Hats we weave for the Red Army dear,
Our armymen love the people, we support them delighted,
As one family we are with them united.

The river water is clear, oh clear,
Hats we weave for the Red Army dear,
Our armymen love the people, we support them delighted,
Together we strike the foe benighted.

Our Red base is beautiful, we closely cohere,
The river water is clear, oh clear,
Hats we weave for the Red Army dear,
Together we'll march ever on, no fear.

(52)

(53)



(54)

Hung thanks the peasants on behalf of the army for their warm support. He says the fighters will win more victories to manifest their gratitude.

In response to the peasants' enthusiastic welcome, the Company Commander and Ching-hua lead the women soldiers in a joyous dance. (54)

Hung and the Red Army men dance boldly, staunchly, with vigorous strides and powerful arm movements, with soaring leaps and stal-

wart gestures. (*They do "hsi tui tiao— temps levé, jambe repliée," "pien shen tiao — grand fouetté," "kung chuan — tour en l'air" and perform the "liang hsiang."*) These show the all-conquering power and invincible courage of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army.

(*Dance of Hung and Red Army men.*) (55, 56)

Happy soldiers and civilians, close as one family, gaily dance and sing.

(*Dance of the entire ensemble.*) (57)

Suddenly they hear the approaching beat of galloping hoofs. Pang the messenger enters with an order from headquarters.

Cannon booms in the distance. The Kuomintang troops have launched a major offensive against the base area.

It is a tense situation. Hung and the Company Commander decide that they should set out immediately.

(55) "hsi tui tiao — temps levé, jambe repliée"

(56) "pien shen tiao — grand fouetté"

(57)

(58)

The fighters of the Red Army and Red Militia are promptly assembled. They march with firm strides, bidding farewell to dear ones as they hasten to the battlefield. (58)

(*Curtain*)

SCENE FIVE

Shortly before dawn. A battle position in a mountain pass.

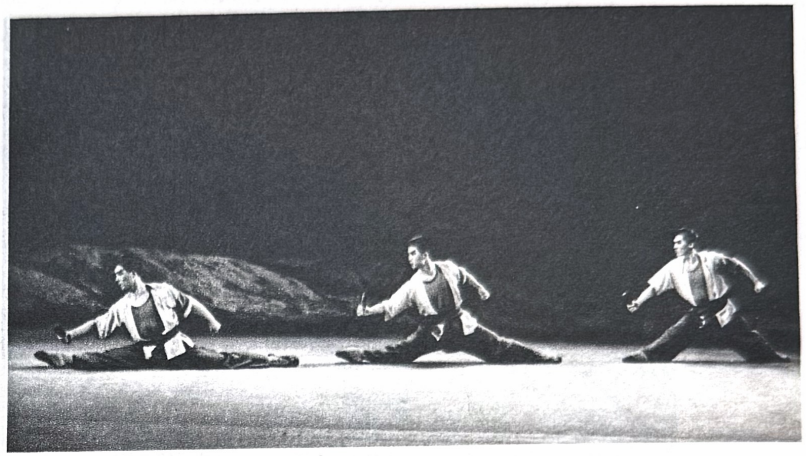
(The curtain rises. Racing clouds, towering cliffs, rolling gun smoke, leaping flames.)

In order to wipe out the enemy effectives, the main force of our army is rapidly sweeping around to their rear. The Company Commander is leading a group from the Women's Company in this manoeuvre. An intercepting platoon of Red Army soldiers and Red Militia men under Hung is holding the mountain pass to give our army time to complete its move in safety.

Heavy fire is heard at the foot of the mountain, as the crafty enemy attempts a pincers assault. Hung sizes up the situation and decides to take a few comrades to protect the flank. He orders Ching-hua to command the holding action in the pass.

"We will complete our mission," Ching-hua and the soldiers vow.

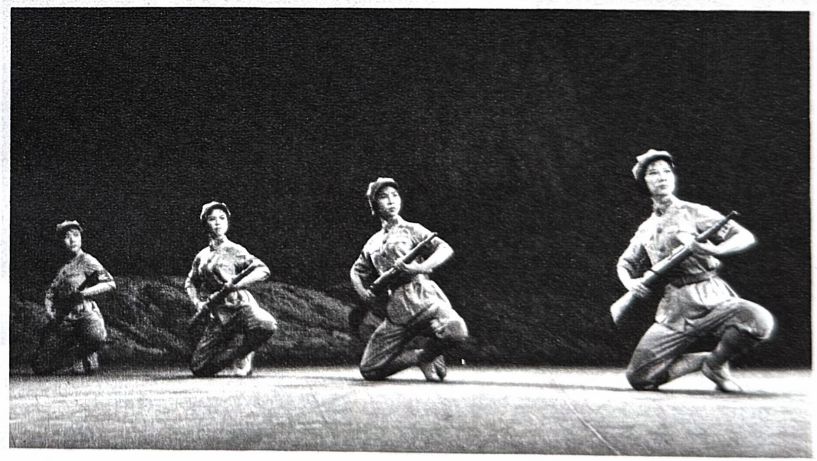
(59)



(60) "hua cha"

The enemy charges the pass. Making use of the favourable terrain, Ching-hua and her comrades give the enemy a head-on blow. (59) Their hate-laden bullets angrily pour down, their hand grenades burst amid the enemy. The fighters are brave and staunch. Solidly united, they give each other cover. *(They do "hua cha" and "kuei chuan.")* They beat back the enemy's frenzied assault.

(61) "kuei chuan"



(62)

(Dance of Ching-hua and the fighters.) (60, 61)

The little girl soldier is hit, but she continues to fight. Ching-hua hurries over and bandages her wound. (62)

(63)

(64) "ying feng chan chih — arabesque"

Having defeated the enemy's flanking attempt, Hung leads the soldiers back to the position. He shows warm concern for the wounded girl. She vows she will not leave the firing line.

Again the enemy is stirring. They gather additional soldiers and attack once more. The Red Army men tell Hung: "Our ammunition is nearly finished."

Outnumbered, running out of bullets, Hung calmly calls the fighters together and says: "Now is the time to prove our worth to the Party. When our bullets are gone, we'll still have our swords and rocks. We must defend the position with our blood and lives!" (63)

The fighters whip out their swords and lift up rocks. Grimly, they wait.

The enemy swarm up the slopes, snarling and brandishing their claws. Hung and his comrades swing their swords, heave their rocks, and send the foe reeling.

Ching-hua, who suffered much and has strong class hatred, is firm and courageous, thanks to the education the Party has given her. She hotly battles the attacking die-hards.

(*Dance fight of Ching-hua and a guard.*)

Gripping her sword with both hands, she slashes. The guard hastily wards off the blow. In the heated duel Ching-hua's blade flies out of her grasp. Fearless, she rushes him, empty-handed, and grabs him by the neck. (*She does "ying feng chan chih — arabesque," lands in "shuai cha," then rises and performs the "liang hsiang."*) (64)

(65)

She fights with growing strength. One kick sends the guard's halberd sailing, (65) and they grapple. She nimbly trips him down. (*Ching-hua does "chien chiao," and trips the guard, landing him in a "ko tzu." Pressing down on him, she does "hsuan tzu."*) (66)

The guard weakens. She steps on him, seizes his dagger and stabs the scoundrel to death. (67)

Red Army soldiers and Red Militia men battle shoulder to shoulder, striking terror in the hearts of the enemy.

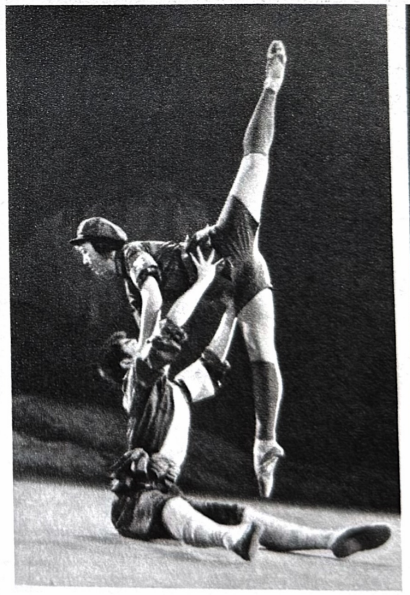
(*Dance fight of two soldiers and two guards.*)

Amid a hail of bullets and rolling smoke, Ching-hua, Pang and the fighters beneath the fluttering red flag valiantly fight the foe. Their courage is enormous. It grows as they battle, and soon the red flag of victory waves on high.

(*Red flag dance.*) (68)

The enemy forces have scattered and retreated, and the heroes remain in control of the position.

(66) "hsuan tzu"



(67)

(68)

(69)

Hung looks at his watch. Excitedly, he announces: "By now our main force has moved out according to plan. Our intercepting platoon has successfully completed its delaying action." Smiles of triumph appear on everyone's face.

As the platoon prepares to leave, the enemy springs another assault. Hung decides to remain behind and cover the withdrawal of his troops. He orders Ching-hua to lead the comrades out immediately.

She pleads that she be allowed to stay. Ching-hua has already been admitted to the Communist Party on the firing line. Hung

(70)

(71)

solemnly unstraps his dispatch case and gives it to her. "If we should lose contact, deliver this to the battalion Party committee." (69)

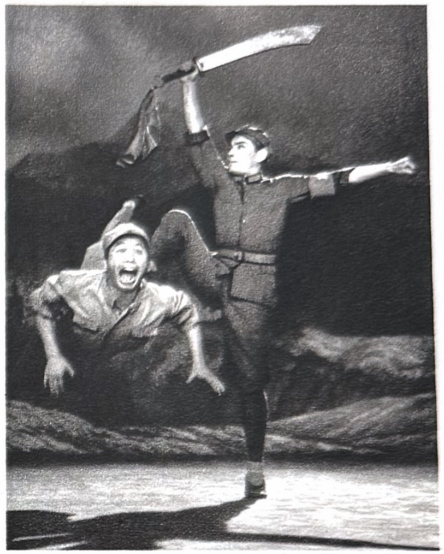
He peers down at the enemy at the foot of the mountain. Ching-hua again goes to him and begs that he let her stay and fight. Hung waves a resolute hand. "Carry out orders!" She reluctantly leads the comrades from the position.

Only Hung, a Red Army fighter, and a Red Militia man are left. They steadfastly hold out against the foe. (70)

(*They do a militant dance.*)

The enemy feverishly attack. Completely in command of the situation, Hung battles the foe furiously on every side. (*He does "ping chuan — chaîné," "kung chuan — tour en l'air," and flings a grenade. Then he does "ling kung yueh chuan —jeté par terre en tournant" and throws another.*) (71)

The Red Army soldier is hit, wounded. Hung orders the militiaman to support him. The Red Militia fighter spots a bandit sol-



(72)

(73) "yen shih tiao"

(74)

dier aiming at Hung. He rushes him and takes the bullet in his chest.

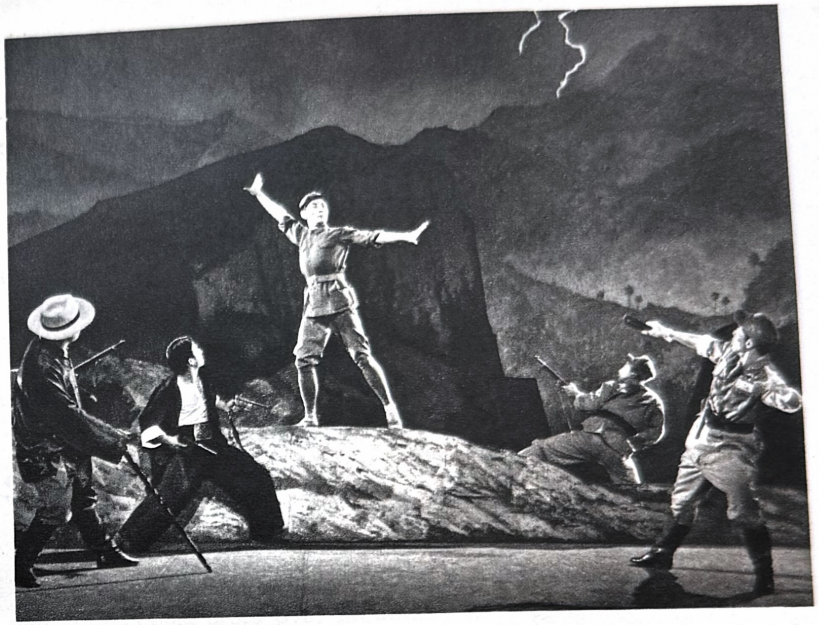
Two enemy soldiers charge. Hung, now alone, fights valiantly, with the typical courage of a proletarian revolutionary soldier who has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies.

(Dance fight of Hung and the two enemy soldiers.)

Swinging his sword, he fights the die-hards. *(One enemy soldier falls in "kao pu hu." Hung whirls and puts his foot on him.)* (72)

The other enemy soldier attacks. Hung jumps up and slashes at them with his sword and kills them. *(Hung does "yen shih tiao" and "shuang peng tzu — double spirale." He slashes left and right and then performs the "liang hsiang" with his sword raised.)* (73)

More enemy soldiers swarm in and surround Hung. He pulls out his last hand grenade, yanks the firing string and raises it menacingly.



(75)

The attackers scramble and flee. Hung flings the grenade after them. It explodes and they topple to the ground, dead. (74)

Supporting his two comrades, Hung starts moving out through the pass. They are met by a fusillade of bullets. Hung is severely wounded. His two companions are killed. With his remaining strength, he gently lowers them to the ground. Holding himself erect by sheer force of will, he gazes after the departing Red Army platoon. A smile of satisfaction appears on his face as the platoon reaches safety.

His wound gives a sharp stab of pain, and he falls in a faint.

Dark clouds gather. Thunder rumbles.

The Tyrant of the South and a Kuomintang army officer enter with a gang of bedraggled-looking soldiers. Trembling, they crawl to the top of the rise, where they discover Hung. They fearfully surround him.

Hung revives. He indignantly pushes the enemy soldiers aside and rises before the clifftop like a towering pine. Lightning rips across the cloudy night sky, illuminating Hung's militant figure. His angry piercing gaze quells his attackers. Terrified, they dare not look up. (75)

Thunder and lightning rock the firmament.

(*Curtain*)

INTERLUDE

(*The curtain rises.*)

With the force of an avalanche the main force of the Red Army advances swiftly in pursuit of the enemy troops.

(*Dance of the Red Army men.*)

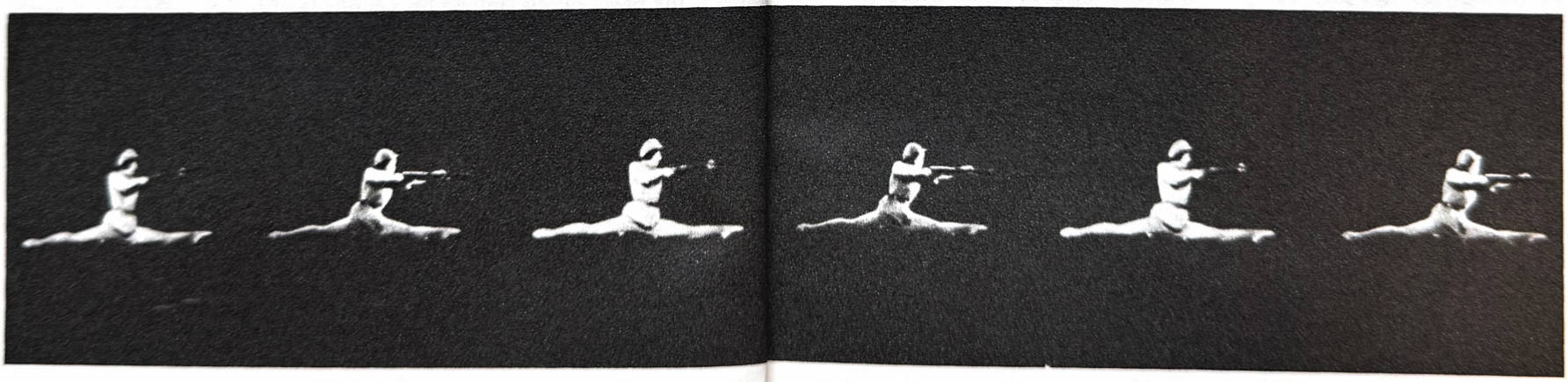
(76)

Preceded by a flame-red battle flag, the Red Army units, powerful and courageous, cross over mountains chasing the foe. (76)

They press forward as irresistably as molten steel, speeding like arrows from a bow. (*They do "pi cha ta tiao — grand pas de chat."*) (77)

(*Dark change*)

(77) "pi cha ta tiao — grand pas de chat"



SCENE SIX

Dusk. Rear courtyard of the Tyrant of the South. Oppressive overcast sky. Dim and gloomy. A huge banian tree, tall and spreading.

News of one victory after another by the Red Army creates panic in the enemy lair. Lao Szu runs in and threatens the guards with his gun, trying desperately to halt the collapse.

A Kuomintang army officer, who has been knocked dizzy by the blows of the Red Army, refuses to heed the pleas of the Tyrant that he remain. He runs for his life, followed by the beaten remnants of his troops.

The Tyrant's wife is frantically busy, ordering the servants to move her valuables. She stumbles about, ready to flee.

Seeing his power slipping away, the Tyrant beats his chest, stamps his feet and roars in frustration. Lao Szu lyingly vows that he will

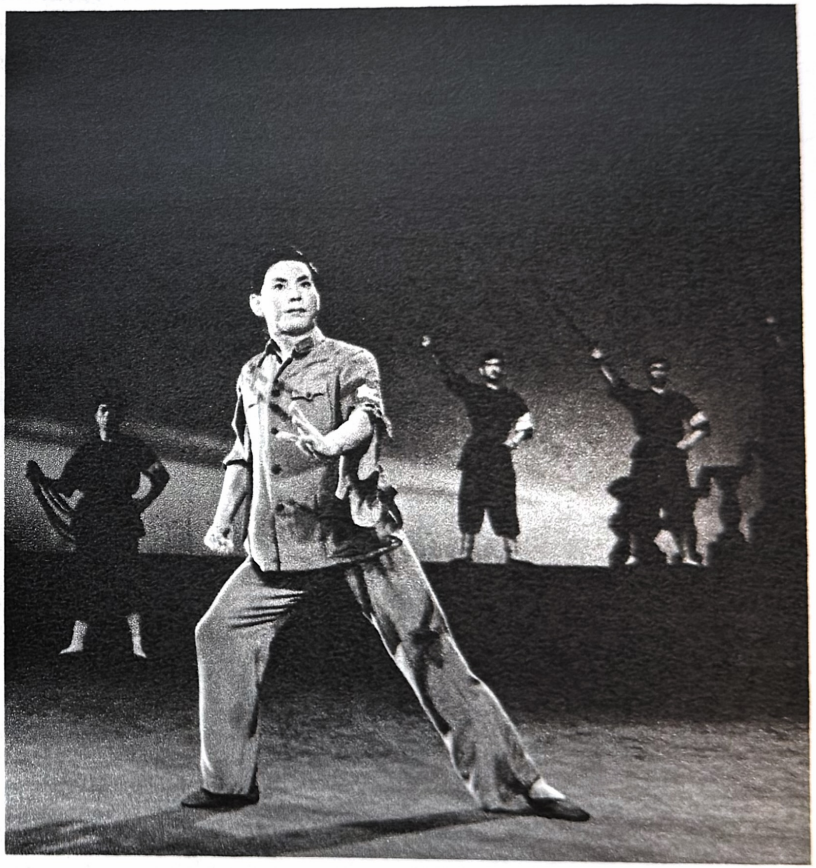
(78)

go with his master and fight to the end. They snarl and brandish their claws for a last-ditch struggle.

(*The Tyrant and Lao Szu dance.*)

The guards keep running in to report the approach of the Red Army. Trapped, the Tyrant decides on a last resort. "Put the manor on full alert," he orders. "Pile brushwood beneath the banian tree, and bring in Hung."

Four guards push Hung into the courtyard.



(79)

Head and chest high, Hung is calm. He looks contemptuously at the enemy die-hards. (*He performs the "liang hsiang."*) (78)

The Tyrant holds out a sheet of paper. In a vain attempt to save himself from total defeat he orders Hung to write a "recantation."

Hung throws off the guards with a shake of his arms. The rascals fall back in alarm. (79)

(*He dances.*)

Hung glances scornfully at the brushwood and torches beneath the banian tree. He steps forward with firm strides, his strong arms outstretched. He looks at the sky and surrounding countryside, his determination soaring: How beautiful is our native land! How fertile and vast. For the past hundred years, fiends have been running amok, spreading ruin. But now the building of a revolutionary base in the Chingkang Mountains has opened new vistas. Chairman Mao has pointed the way to victory—armed revolution, the wresting of political power. No one can stop a spreading prairie fire!

(80)

(81)

(82) "chien shih pien shen tiao — jeté entrelacé"

Raising his right arm, he stands in the middle of the execution grounds thinking, listening, his mind far away. He seems to hear the battle song of the Red Company of Women, he seems to see the people's armed forces mowing down the enemy. His tightly clenched right fist waves slightly in rhythm to the battle song, his eyes shining. (80)

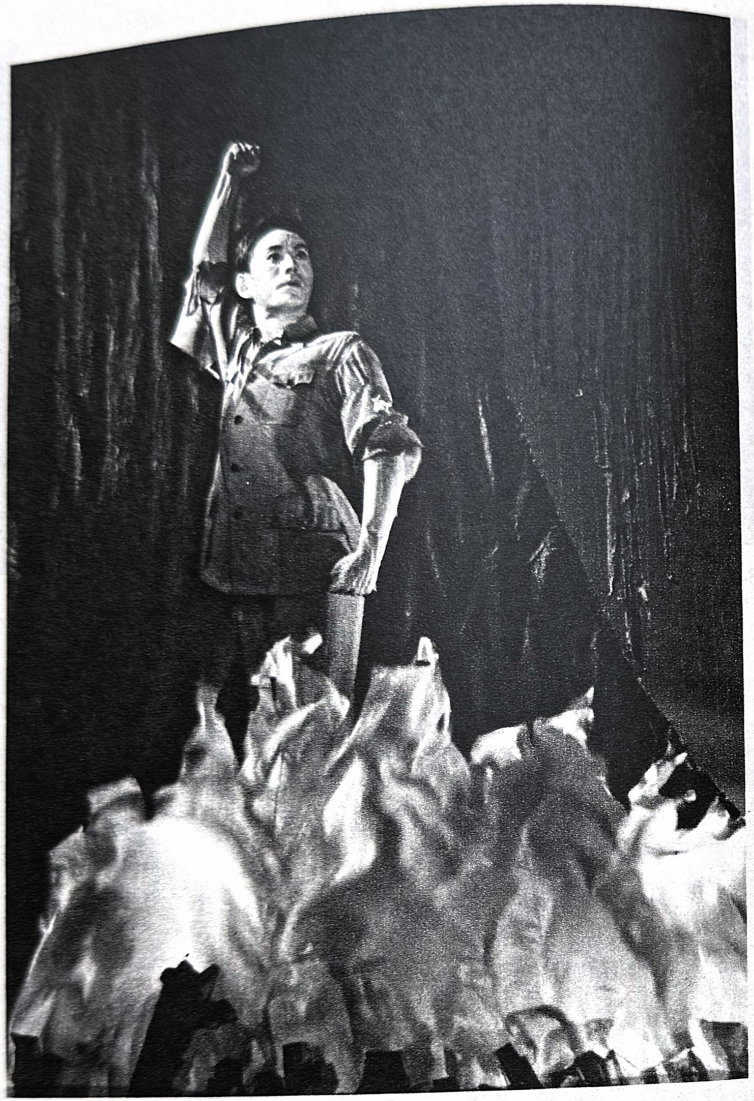
The execution grounds are a battlefield. As if with a weapon in his hand Hung marches straight up to the Tyrant. The landlord and Lao Szu cringe before his piercing gaze and fearless manner. (*Hung does "chien shih pien shen tiao — jeté entrelacé," sailing scornfully over the Tyrant who kneels in a frightened crouch.*) (81, 82)

Swinging his arms, Hung sweeps across the execution grounds like a whirlwind, terrorizing the foe. (*He does "fei chiao," "pien tui — grand rond de jambe en dehors," and "kung chuan — tour en l'air." Furiously he does "ping chuan — chaîné" in a rapid movement, then turns sideways to perform the "liang hsiang."*) With the utmost contempt and hatred

(83)

(84) "yen shih tiao"

(85) "ling kung yueh — grand jeté"



(86)

for the class enemy, he grabs the sheet of paper, rips it to shreds, and flings it in the face of the Tyrant. (83)

What does death matter? The communist creed is the truth! Hung points at the villains in a rage. "Communists are not afraid

(87)

to die! You'll never escape the people's punishment!" He soars over the heads of the foe like an eagle in the sky. (*He does "hsuan feng kung chuan — grand assemblé en tournant," "yen shih tiao," "pang tui chuan — grande pirouette à la seconde" and performs the "liang hsiang" with an arm in the air.*) The bandits fall prostrate and trembling in the face of the Communist's splendid courage and heroism. (84, 85)

To the grand strains of the *Internationale,* Hung angrily shakes off the guards who try to seize him and with majestic calm mounts the pyre beneath the banian tree. He extends his left hand, as if to caress the beautiful motherland. Gazing far, he sees the glorious, triumphant New China that is to come. Standing in the flames, he raises his right fist and shouts: "Down with the Kuomintang reactionaries! Long live the Chinese Communist Party! Long live Chairman Mao!" (86)

Hung, the Communist, towers above the blaze, his spirit magnificent as the mountains and rivers.

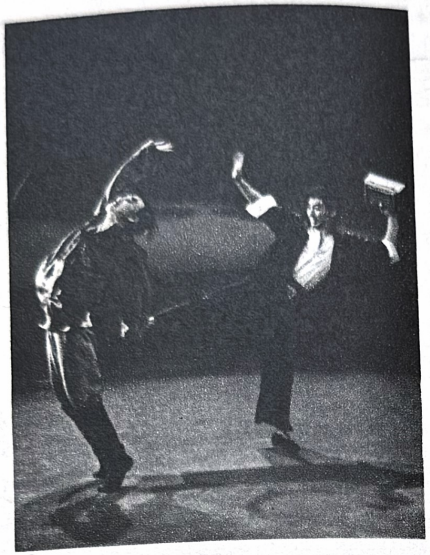
(*Dark change*)

Rosy dawn streaks the sky. Dark clouds scatter, revealing a glowing sun rising in the east.

Red flags waving, bugles blaring, the Red Army surges into Cocoanut Grove Manor.

(A Red Army battalion commander waves his men forward.)

(Peasants armed with weapons of every sort advance quickly, led by the commander of the Women's Company.) (87)



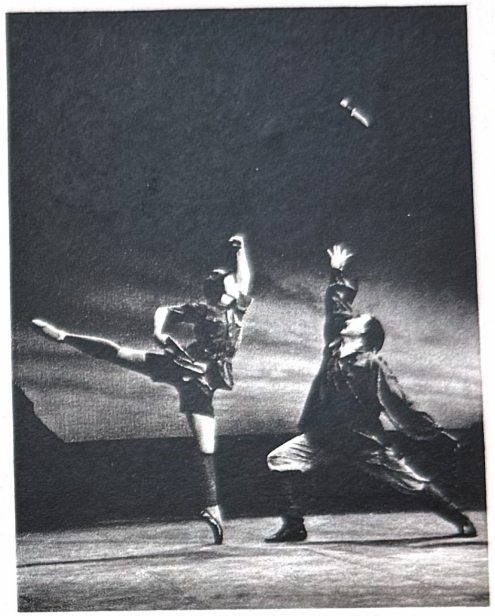
(88)

(89)

(The Red Army catches up with the retreating shattered foe. They fight. The enemy soldiers are annihilated.)

Lao Szu, clutching the money box of the Tyrant's wife, runs into the fleeing Tyrant. They battle ferociously. (88) Lao Szu kicks the landlord to the ground and tries to escape.

Ching-hua rushes in and kills Lao Szu with one shot. She whirls and kicks



(90)

(91)

(92) "ho li shih — attitude"

(93)

(94)

(95)

(96)

down again the Tyrant who is trying to rise, threatening him with her gun. (89)

Pretending to be subdued, the kneeling Tyrant begs for his life. Stealthily, he pulls out a dagger and swings a vicious blow at Ching-hua. She dodges and sends the dagger flying. (90)

He runs in haste. With two shots she ends the life of the depraved criminal and counter-revolutionary chieftain.

Red Army soldiers rush in. They pour a volley of bullets into the Tyrant's body, avenging the labouring people he had oppressed.

The rising sun lights up the land. Liberation has come to the long-suffering people of Cocoanut Grove. They and the soldiers joyously congratulate one another.

The Red Army men free peasants who had been immured and beaten in the Tyrant's dungeon, and knock off their shackles. A white-haired grandfather is re-united with a grand-daughter the Tyrant

had snatched away. Peasants angrily relate to the Red Army teh Tyrant's evil deeds. With tears of happiness in their eyes, they express from the bottom of their hearts their boundless love for and gratitude to our great leader Chairman Mao, the Chinese Communist Party and the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. (91)

Ching-hua and the Company Commander inquire everywhere about Hung. A bondmaid from the manor sorrowfully points to the banian tree and tells of Hung's heroic death. This news comes as a terrific blow.

Grief-stricken, Ching-hua runs to the tree. (92)

(Ching-hua and Company Commander dance.)

Wiping away their tears, clenching their fists, they call on the fighters to convert sorrow into strength, to carry on the cause of the fallen hero and wage revolution until final victory. *(They do "pan feng shih — écarté" "ling kung yueh — grand jeté" and "ho li shih — attitude" and end by performing the "liang hsiang" with their heads raised.)* (93)

The powerful strains of the *Internationale* swell forth. Red Army soldiers and the liberated labouring masses gather before the banian tree and bid sorrowful farewell to their beloved comrade-in-arms: Comrade Hung, you shall live for ever in our hearts! (94)

The battalion commander announces that Ching-hua has been appointed Party representative of the Women's Company. Ching-hua solemnly accepts Hung's dispatch case which the battalion commander hands her. "Oh, Party, you rescued me from an abyss of bitterness," she says, "you raised me to maturity in the flames of class struggle. I pledge to model myself after Comrade Hung. I shall be a revolutionary and never leave the battlefield until the red flag waves over the Five Continents and Four Seas!" (95)

Hung has given his life, but millions of new revolutionaries rise. Beneath the red battle flag, the hard-working women who have just been freed step forward to join the ranks of the Red Company of Women.

The people's army grows in size and strength. Revolution's torrent cannot be stemmed. In the bright sunlight, the swelling ranks

stride forward along the path crimson with the blood of the fallen. (96)

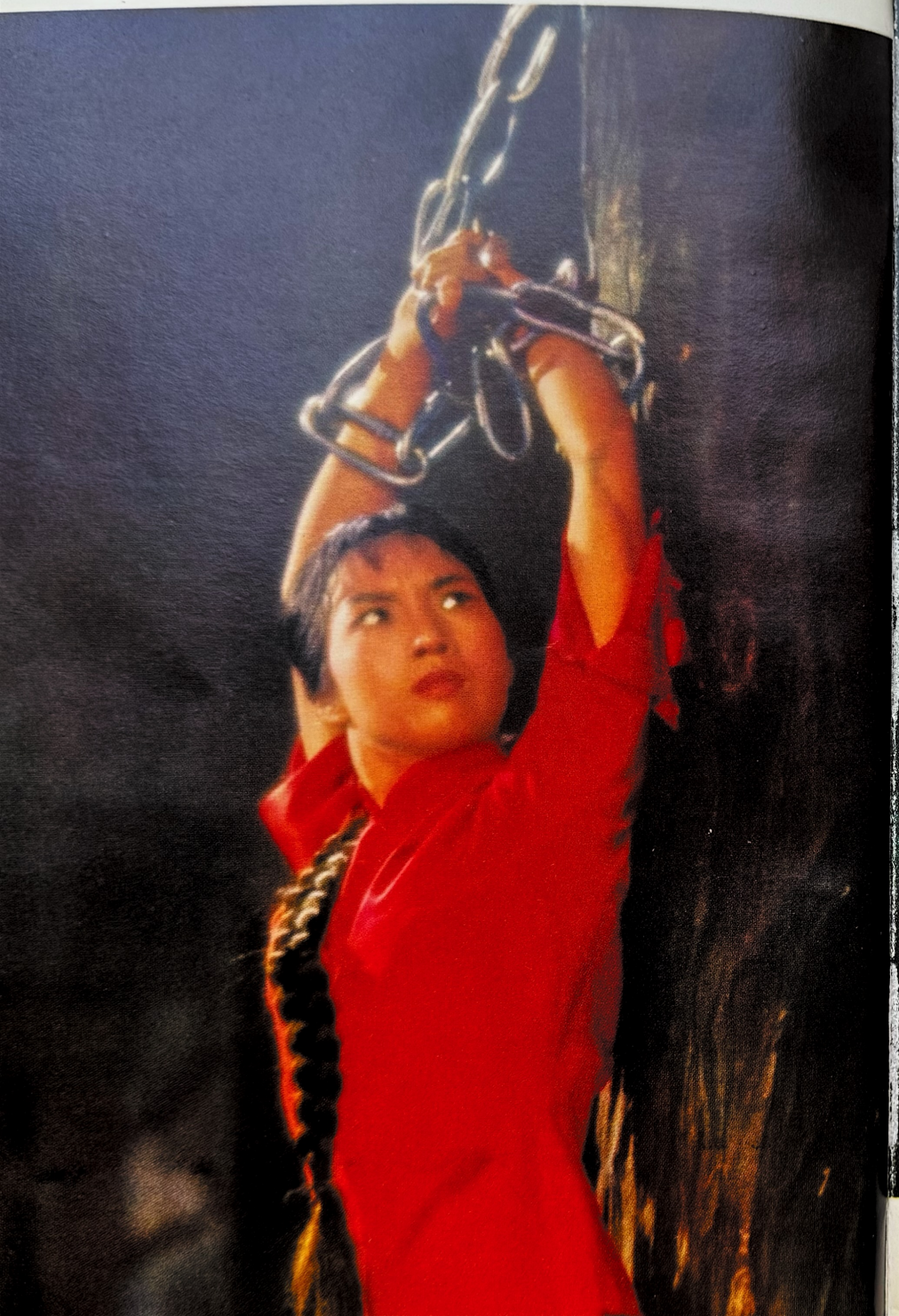
Onward, onward! Under the banner of Mao Tsetung, onward to victory!

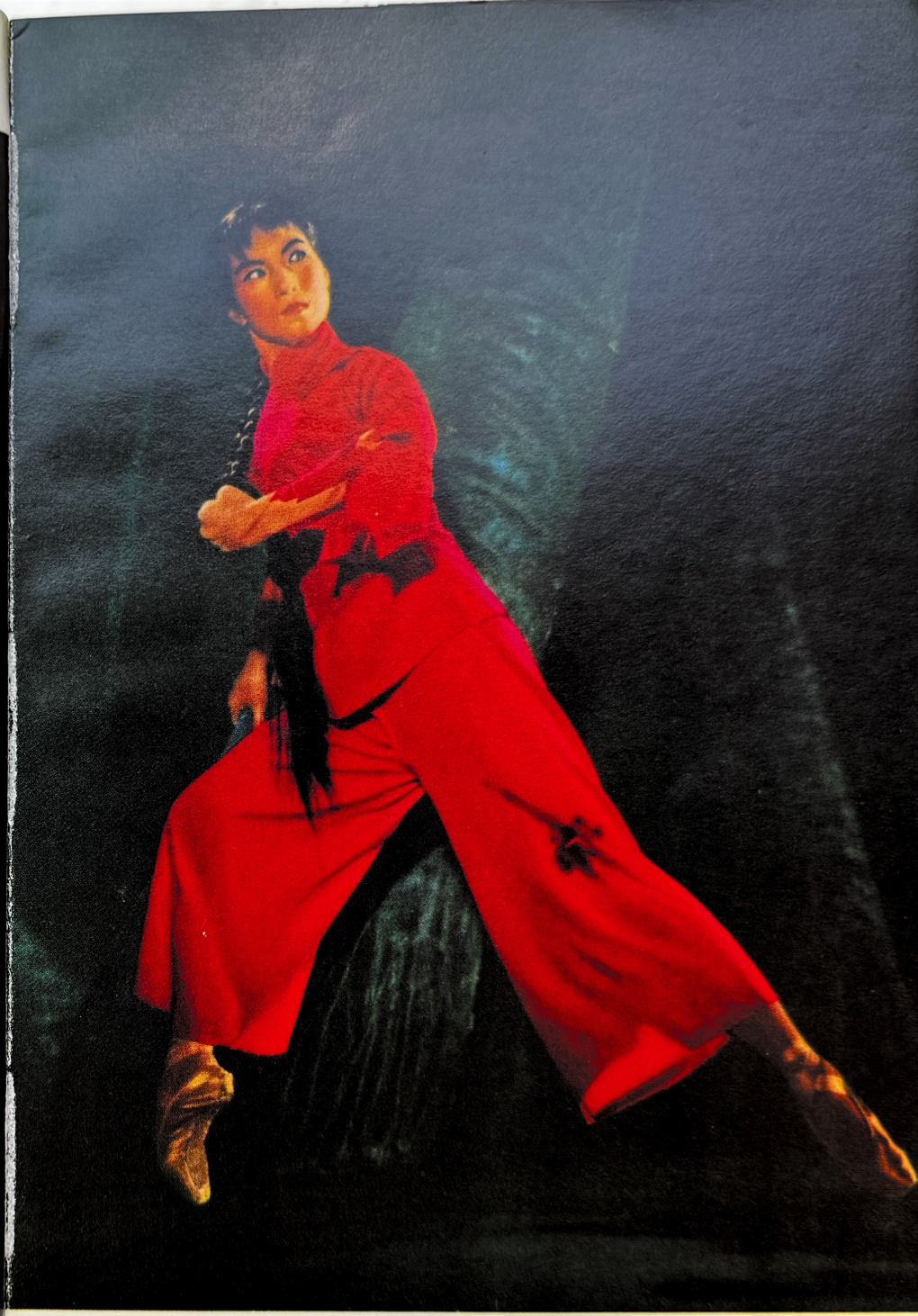
(*Final curtain*)

Hung Chang-ching, Party representative in the Women's Company

Stage Photographs from "Red Detachment of Women"

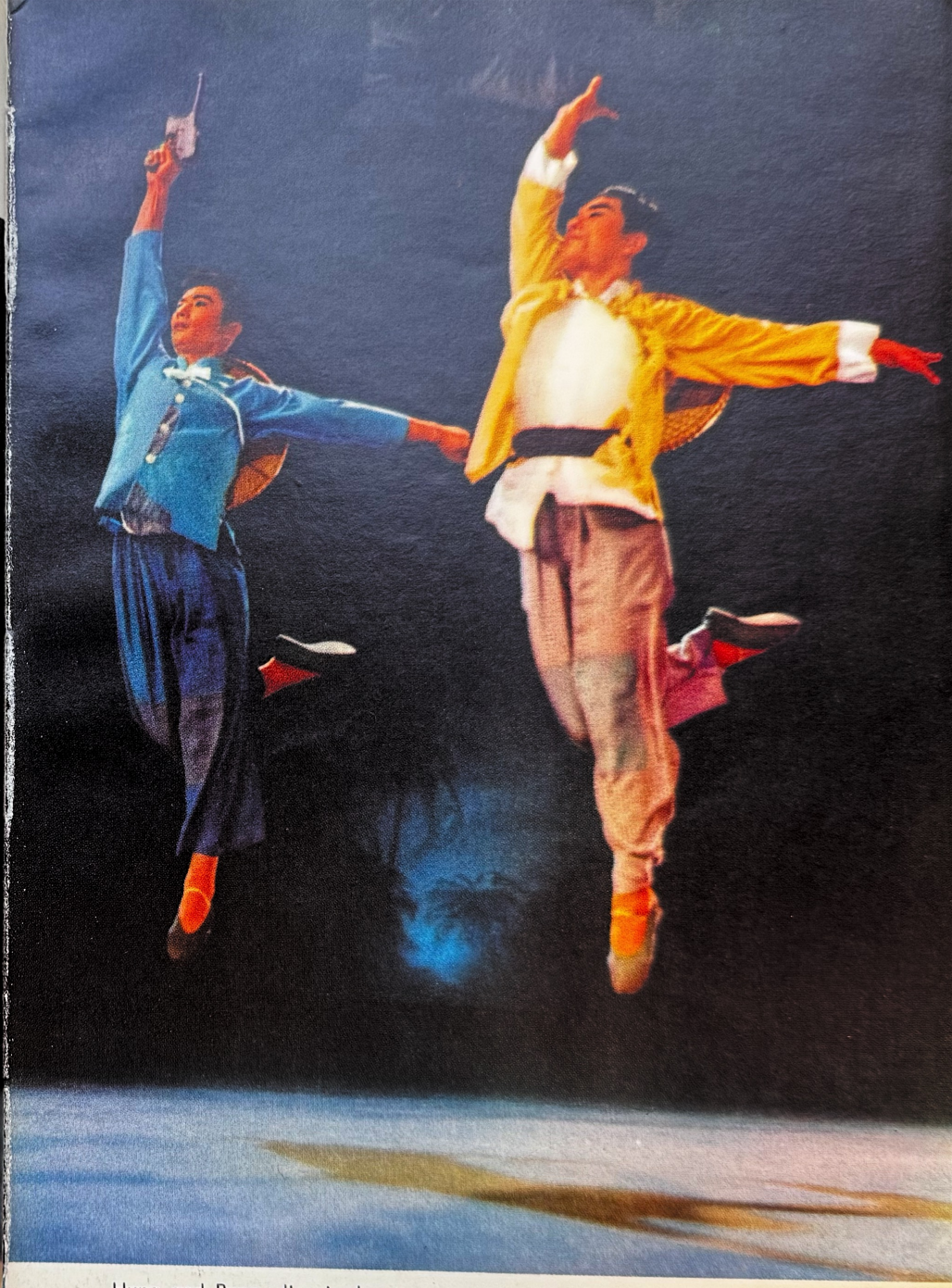
Wu Ching-hua, daughter of a poor peasant, chained to a post in the dungeon of the landlord Tyrant of the South





After the pursuing enemy leaves, Ching-hua quickly emerges from behind a cocoanut tree

Ching-hua runs into the cocoanut grove



Hung and Pang, disguised as peasants, are on a scouting mission

Fighters work hard at rifle practice

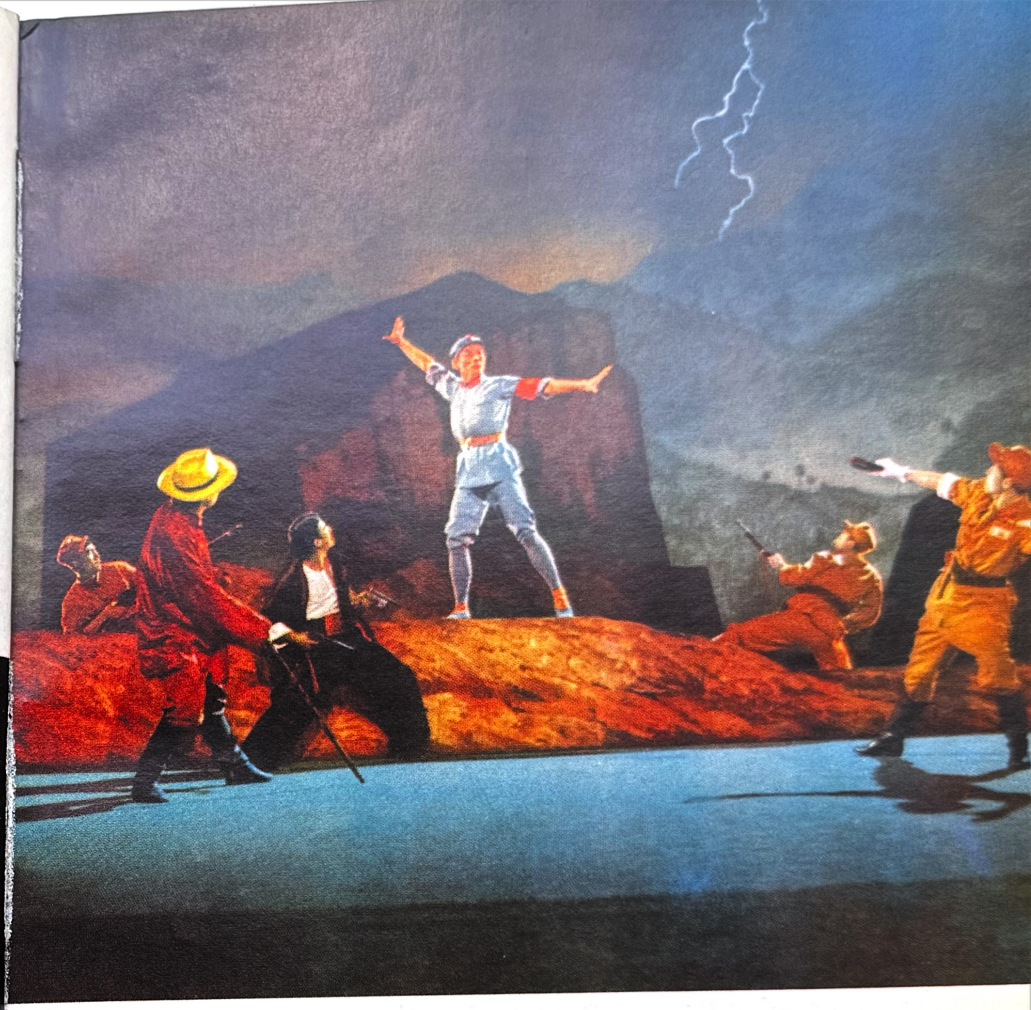
Ching-hua angrily tells her dear ones about the vicious crimes committed by the Tyrant of the South

Ching-hua caresses the red flag, tears streaming down her cheeks

Ching-hua makes up her mind to devote her life to the struggle for the emancipation of all mankind

Ching-hua and the Company Commander practise marksmanship and grenade throwing

Brandishing his sword, Hung vanquishes two enemy soldiers



Hung, wounded, defies the enemy

Hung dies a heroic death

Forward to victory under the banner of Mao Tsetung

Hung soars high above the enemy

A New Road for Chinese Ballet

"The orientation is correct, the revolutionization successful and the artistic quality good." This is the brilliant comment made by our great leader Chairman Mao on the modern revolutionary ballet *Red Detachment of Women* in 1964.

The proletarian revolution in literature and art is now in full swing. As we recall the journey we have travelled in revolutionizing ballet under the guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching, we understand all the more profoundly the significance of our great leader Chairman Mao's brilliant comment. It is a positive approval and high appraisal of the proletarian revolution in literature and art, a guiding light for the creation and development of the revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat.

Chairman Mao points out in his *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* that **"in the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines."**

In a class society ballet always serves definite classes. In feudal times it was a form of court art used by European nobles and lords

to celebrate their rise in rank or their coronations. When capitalism was in its ascendancy during the Renaissance, enlightenment movement and the romantic periods, ballet was known among the bourgeoisie as the "crown of the arts." Today, as imperialism heads for total collapse, in capitalist and revisionist countries the ballet serves imperialist and social-imperialist policies of aggression and war, helps to consolidate the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, and propagates by ugly imagery the decadent "American way of life." In a word, the ballet has been a tool in the service of the exploiting classes right from the start.

Renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his counter-revolutionary revisionist agents in literary and art circles Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and their gang, in order to safeguard their monopoly over literature and art, made a fuss about ballet, which they used to create public opinion for the restoration of capitalism. They put out the counter-revolutionary slogan that ballet must be "foreign through and through," and frantically opposed the correct policy set by Chairman Mao of **"critically assimilating"** the legacies of literature and art. Their objective was to stop the proletarian revolution in the arts.

In 1964, revolutionary literary and art fighters, enlightened by the *Talks,* under the lead of Comrade Chiang Ching started a revolution in ballet. Smashing all the obstacles and sabotage engineered by Liu Shao-chi, Chou Yang and Lin Mo-han, they succeeded in taking over this branch of the arts and converting it into a weapon which serves the workers, peasants and soldiers, and which helps to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat.

"The principal form of struggle in the Chinese revolution is armed struggle. Indeed, the history of our Party may be called a history of armed struggle." *Red Detachment of Women* describes the birth, growth and maturing of a women's company, a revolutionary armed force under the correct leadership of the Communist Party of China, during the Second Revolutionary Civil War (1927-1937). The ballet reveals in accordance with Mao Tsetung Thought the principal class contradiction in this period and shows how to

solve it. It conveys a great truth, namely, that to seize political power, the proletariat must have a revolutionary Party armed with the theory of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and a revolutionary working style, and a people's army led exclusively by such a Party; that the Party and the army must arouse the people and rely on them to build and strengthen rural revolutionary bases and carry out a people's war.

Leafing through the pages of the history of world ballet, nowhere can we find one like *Red Detachment of Women* that praises with brimful political enthusiasm the true creators of history, the masses, and their turbulent struggles to break the age-old chains and to win emancipation. Has any other ballet ever unfolded such an extensive panorama of people's war with all its violence and stormy intensity? No, never. The bourgeoisie has always shamelessly proclaimed that "love and death" are the eternal themes for ballet. But this "love" can never disguise sanguinary reality — the cruel exploitation and oppression of the labouring people. Nor can it save them from their doom.

Chairman Mao in his *Talks* teaches us: **"Revolutionary literature and art should create a variety of characters out of real life and help the masses to propel history forward."** The content and theme of an artistic work is primarily expressed through its characters. In different historical periods different classes create their ideal characters according to the world outlook and aesthetics of their own classes, and propagate their political aims through these characters.

The proletariat never conceals its political stand, but declares in unequivocal terms that the fundamental task and sacred duty in literature and art is the creation of proletarian heroes. The proletariat, the workers, peasants and soldiers are the masters of the arts and must exercise dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in these fields. This is exactly what our ballet artists do. Through the creation of perfect worker, peasant and soldier heroes, they spread Mao Tsetung Thought and the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao, oppose and criticize feudal, bourgeois and revisionist ideologies, educate the people with revolutionary tradition and the prospect of the

revolution, awaken and raise class consciousness of the masses, inspire them with revolutionary enthusiasm, and encourage the people to carry the proletarian revolution through and fight for the complete emancipation of mankind so as to propel history forward.

Red Detachment of Women vividly presents heroic commanders and fighters of the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, in particular two dazzling proletarian heroes, Hung Chang-ching and Wu Ching-hua.

Hung is a fine political cadre, a representative of the heroic people's army personally built and led by Chairman Mao, a glorious image of the Communists armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. He closely follows Chairman Mao's teaching that **"political power grows out of the barrel of a gun"** and conscientiously, faithfully and bravely carries out and defends Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. That is, with Mao Tsetung Thought he guides the enslaved people's anger and hatred against the landlord class onto the revolutionary road to destroy the old world and emancipate mankind.

On the battlefield he is an intrepid, gallant commander and fighter, who fears neither hardship nor death. On the enemy's execution grounds he is a towering proletarian hero who says, "What does death matter? The communist creed is the truth." The lofty image of Hung Chang-ching crystallizes the fine qualities of the great proletariat, the great people's army and the Communists.

Wu Ching-hua, the heroine, is a typical representative of millions of working people cruelly exploited and oppressed by imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism in the old society. She has a deep hatred for the landlord and capitalist classes and a passionate spirit of revolt. Educated by the Party she quickly matures into a Communist highly conscious of the responsibilities of the vanguard of the proletariat. The road she travels is the correct road for all exploited and oppressed people seeking emancipation.

The production of *Red Detachment of Women,* which now firmly occupies the ballet stage with proletarian heroes, is itself a revolution in which the proletariat overthrows bourgeois control of ballet. It is a starting point in the process of making the ballet serve the

workers, peasants and soldiers and help consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat.

In his *Talks* Chairman Mao teaches us, **"Nor do we refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people."** The revolutionary artists proceeded to create the ballet in which Chairman Mao's concepts of people's war were incorporated as the theme and where proletarian heroes were portrayed in accordance with the great leader's directive, **"Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China"** and **"weed through the old to bring forth the new."** Led by Comrade Chiang Ching, they waged a fierce struggle against the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art. They made a profound remoulding of the forms of the old ballet including dance, music and décor.

The dance is one of the ballet's most important means of character delineation. An accurate, clear-cut dance vocabulary derives from the organic combination of different dance movements and poses.

Ever since the 18th century, the bourgeoisie has boasted that the ballet is possessed of "great elegance and nobility," that it has "reached a high degree of perfection," that it "leaves nothing to be desired." But in actuality the old form of ballet is pitifully poor. It can at best express despair, sorrow, debauchery and madness, and the neurotic psychology of the exploiting classes. Western bourgeois and Soviet revisionist ballet follow the modernist and abstractionist schools, using vulgar and offensive modes of expression.

Chairman Mao teaches us, **"There is no construction without destruction, no flowing without damming and no motion without rest."** The portrayal of proletarian heroes on the ballet stage requires of necessity a rich, colourful and representative dance vocabulary capable of conveying proletarian thoughts and feelings. The new era, with its revolutionary political content, demands this, and the ballet artists have discarded the mushy, superficial dance movements that express the ideal characters of the exploiting classes. By smash-

ing the dogmas and conventions of the old ballet they have created a new and beautiful proletarian dance vocabulary.

In order to mould the highest type of proletarian heroes, when creating the characters Hung Chang-ching and Wu Ching-hua, the choreographers made an analysis of their mentality and determined their essential traits, and stressed these in their dances. Hung Chang-ching, Party representative in the women's company, is a prototype of the Party leadership at the grass roots level. He is armed with Mao Tsetung Thought and is an outstanding example of the people's army imbued with a revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death. So the dominant notes of his dances are firmness, strength, sweeping vigour and invincibility. Similarly, the dominant notes for Wu Ching-hua, a poor peasant's daughter who has suffered much and been excessively wronged, are fiery revolt, rough-hewn ardour and revolutionary explosive force.

Having determined these traits, the choreographers created specific dance vocabulary in order to bring the hero and heroine out boldly from among other positive characters and, basing on the requirements of the struggle in various circumstances, express the inner world of the characters in various aspects of its development. Maximum time and space are allotted to them to bring out their proletarian feelings and thoughts.

In the scene in which Hung faces death on the execution grounds, he is in the last moment of his life, seriously wounded and fighting the enemy all by himself. What kind of dance vocabulary is to be designed for him, then, is a matter of principle, a principle of which class's world outlook and what aesthetics should guide the artistic creation. Hung's serious wounds and the execution grounds are but the outward appearances. In essence he is a hero, an indomitable man of steel inspired by an inner strength that can vanquish all enemies. For him the execution grounds are a battlefield to fight the class enemy. His figure dominates the entire stage. Consequently the dance vocabulary must be militant and vigorous.

The counter-revolutionary and revisionist Lin Mo-han clamoured that since Hung is seriously wounded, it is not realistic for him to stand up chest high and head raised. Obviously, what Lin preferred

was a display of the ugly cringing of a cowardly renegade. What a vicious slander of the thousands of martyrs who gave their lives for the revolution! This is what the revisionists call "writing about truth." The ballet artists flatly refuted this trash. Adhering to the proletarian Party principles, they designed the dance vocabulary for Hung Chang-ching in accordance with the proletarian world outlook and aesthetics. The hero always stands up head raised and chest high. In the various dance movements — "yen shih tiao," "chien shih pien shen tiao — jeté entrelacé," "ling kung yueh — grand jeté," "kung chuan — tour en l'air," and "ping chuan — chaîné" — he is a soaring eagle, moving freely and widely on the stage as he denounces the bandit gang. In this way his dancing gives full expression to the indomitable spirit of the Communist, who is **"determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield,"** no matter what the circumstances.

The series of dances Hung executes are based on the real struggles of the revolution, yet are so artistically refined as to make them **"on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life."** They critically assimilate the healthier, more spirited and more flexible techniques and methods of Peking opera, Chinese folk dances and traditional calisthenics and adapt them to create a whole set of new dance vocabulary which retains the characteristics of ballet with due transformation and at the same time is infused with rich Chinese national colour.

Another example is the scene in which Wu Ching-hua, blazing with class hatred, accuses the landlord the Tyrant of the South of savage oppression. At first when the choice of dance vocabulary for her was being decided on, the counter-revolutionary Lin Mo-han launched a desperate struggle to sabotage, ranting that the heroine must look sad and distressed and that for her to lift a fist does not fit in with her character. If this reactionary view were put into practice, the heroine would be distorted into an effete figure at once melancholy and submissive.

The ballet artists determinedly resisted this evil attack. The choreography they worked out is highly expressive of the heroine's rebel-

lious character. By repeatedly improving and polishing they created a set of clear-cut, concise and typical dance movements which bring out to the full the heroine's deep suffering and bitter hatred, her proletarian ability to distinguish between what to love and what to loathe. When Wu is accusing the Tyrant of savage oppression, for instance, the Company Commander hands her a bowl of cocoanut milk and sees weals on her arms. Wu suddenly rises on points, does "tse shen hsi tui," pulls up her sleeves and reveals long weals. Then with "chan chih tun chuan" and "pei shen kuei pu" she faces the soldiers and civilians, raises the other arm with clenched fist and shows more bloody weals. Anger flares up in her bosom, and her eyes blaze with the fire of class hatred. With the accurate poses of "pang yueh pu—jeté fermé" she turns to "tsu chien ping li — soutenu en tournant" and shows the tortures she went through chained in the Tyrant's dungeon.

Wu's dances in this scene, filled with cadence, counterpoise, ardent passion, sharp contrast, distinctive nuances and clear-cut vocabulary, deeply reveal the heroine's intrinsic class love and hatred, and sharply set off her flaming enmity for the landlord class and her unyielding rebellious character.

To achieve unity in the heroes' inner and outward beauty, the ballet artists pay special attention to the creation of action poses of the heroes to bring forth the beauty of their inner world. Dance poses are an effective means to convey the class character, ideological integrity and spiritual realm of the heroic characters. In the course of dancing a pose cannot last very long, sometimes only for a moment. But in this twinkling of an eye a pose can crystallize the most essential qualities of character, thus leading the audience more deeply into the soul of the hero, and intensifying the impact of the art.

In the ballet a great number of poses were designed for Hung Chang-ching and Wu Ching-hua that reveal their fine qualities and noble mentality. In Scene One, for instance, Hung, disguised, is passing through a cocoanut grove on a scouting mission. The moment he appears we see him brimming over with gallantry, stately and noble of deportment, his eyes darting sharply like daggers at the cannibalistic old world. These series of poses, adapted from Peking opera

"liang hsiang," show the traits of a scout of the people's army, emphasizing his courage, quick wit, sharp insight and level headedness. Other poses representing his bravery when he is slashing the enemy with his sword show his dexterous handling of the foe while penetrating by strategy into the manor of the Tyrant of the South, his soaring heroism and indomitable will in face of death on the execution grounds.

For Wu Ching-hua the ballet artists also designed a series of poses such as "tsu chien kung chien pu liang hsiang," and "hsien shen tan hai — attitude basse" to accentuate her hatred and resistance against the class enemy. The various poses of "ying feng chan chih — arabesque" show her extraordinary courage when, after she has matured under the Party's education, she fights the landlord's guards with confidence and supremacy. Practically in every scene all the dances for her, as well as for Hung Chang-ching, unfold from various aspects the communist spiritual world of proletarian heroes.

In the process of revolutionizing ballet it has been established that unique, stabilized and refined poses are necessary to express profound ideological content and to portray moving heroic images of the proletariat. This goal cannot be achieved otherwise.

Proceeding from the aesthetics of the proletariat, the dance vocabulary and poses for *Red Detachment of Women* successfully reflect and crystallize the militant life of workers, peasants and soldiers and the beauty of the spiritual world of the proletarian labouring masses — masters of a new age which flies Mao Tsetung Thought as its banner. The bourgeois ballet can never aspire to such heights, although it also attaches importance to dance vocabulary and poses, most of which are based on dilettantism and formalism. As a matter of fact, no matter what great pains the bourgeoisie takes in their choreography, they can by no means disguise the empty soul of despondency, decadence and reaction of their ideal characters. It is impossible for them to have the revolutionary zeal of the proletariat. All the techniques they have developed are devoid of vitality.

Our practice in the art fully testifies that only the revolutionary artists, boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao's proletarian line in literature and art, determined to sing of workers, peasants and soldiers,

and imbued with intense revolutionary zeal to create heroic characters of the proletariat, can infuse powerful vitality into these new dances and poses.

In ballet, music plays a subordinate part to dance. This is where the relationship between music and dance lies. A subordinate part only serves to set off the principal part, and not otherwise. But it also plays a positive, creative role in its own way. Handled properly, it can assist the dance to bring out the content more effectively, and in the joint efforts discharge its duty of moulding the proletarian heroic characters.

"Music is the fountain head of ballet," "Dance is the echo of music," and so on and so forth — all these are reactionary fallacies on ballet hatched by the bourgeoisie to meet the needs of its own class. It makes music something mystic and unfathomable, and attempts through abstruse scores to disguise the reactionary, decadent, vulgar and indecent political content. For a considerable length of time the fallacy that "music is the absolute determining factor" has been an artistic "criterion" for ballet which could not be offended.

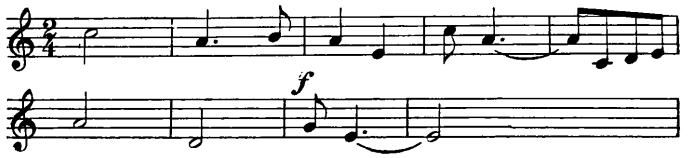
When the scores for *Red Detachment of Women* were being written, Lin Mo-han and his handful of counter-revolutionary revisionist cronies did their utmost to sabotage the work, insisting that it be as "lyrical" as the music in the decadent ballet *Giselle*. Their purpose was to distort and uglify through bourgeois "lyricism" the musical images of proletarian heroes.

Guided by the great banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, the revolutionary artists maintained that the music serve the content, the dance, the creation of proletarian heroes. They stick firmly to the proletarian line. Breaking away from the foreign conventions and dogmas and smashing all the plots concocted by a handful of revisionists, they set up a proletarian principle for the music of revolutionary ballet.

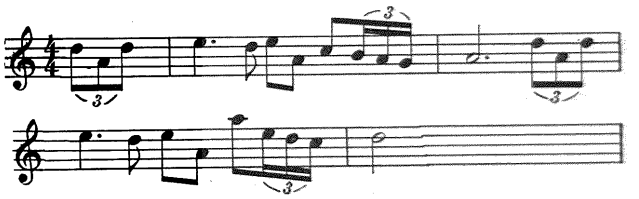
In ballet music helps to bring out the content and the portrayal of proletarian heroes. To accomplish this task it must first of all create dazzling musical images of the proletarian heroes. In this the theme melody plays an important role. In writing ballet music the

composers adhere to two principles: clarity and simplicity. Clarity means that the melody must convey the most typical and noblest characteristics and temperaments of the heroes. Simplicity means that the melody must be easily understood and remembered, and suit the dancing. Based on these principles two theme melodies were designed for Hung Chang-ching and Wu Ching-hua.

For Hung Chang-ching, the theme melody is simple yet passionate, profound yet strong, expressing a heroic revolutionary temperament of the proletariat.



The melody for Wu Ching-hua is also simple but clear-cut, with a compelling sense of motion and power, accentuating her unyielding rebellious character and reflecting the deep hatred of the oppressed for their oppressors.

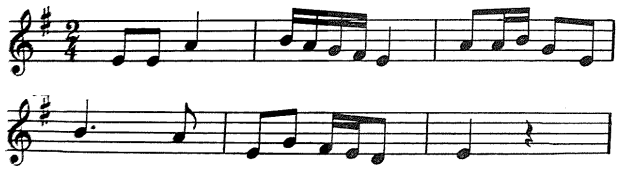


The theme melodies always appear when the heroes come on stage, presented with variations according to the different environment. In Scene Six, full play is given to the positive functions of the music in emphasizing Hung Chang-ching's sublime revolutionary optimism before he goes to his death. Against the background of broad and majestic theme melodies Hung Chang-ching walks dauntlessly to the execution grounds. With the morning sun in his heart, head high and smiling, he towers at the centre of the stage, accompanied by the theme melodies which are set off by the soft touch of strings and

harp. He seems to hear the marching song of the women's company. His blood coursing rapidly and heart overflowing, he clenches his right hand into a fist, which shakes to the powerful rhythm of the march. The bugle echoes in his ears, announcing the victory of the women's detachment over the fleeing enemy, and unfolding before his eyes a splendid sight: **"Workers and peasants have risen in their millions to fight as one man,"** and **"Forests blaze red beneath the frosty sky."** His firm conviction in the final victory of communism makes his spirit soar and his will strong. To the beating of battle drums, he strides to his death, fighting for communism to the last moment of his life.

The theme melody for Wu Ching-hua in Scene Two in which she tells about her sufferings is also fully developed. To the quick beat of kettledrums, she begins her accusation of the landlord the Tyrant of the South. Variations of the melody are played on the expressive strings. Turbulent, impetuous and full of power, every note conveys forcefully the heroine's vehement desire to rebel and avenge herself and her firm determination to tear the Tyrant of the South to pieces.

Running throughout the ballet is the *March of the Women's Company,* the theme melody for people's war, the musical image of the women's detachment, a militant revolutionary collective.



To give a deeper portrayal of the heroes' lofty mentality and give the ballet a **"fresh, lively Chinese style and spirit which the common people of China love,"** the musicians broke the restrictions imposed by the make-up of the Western orchestra and smashed the vicious attempts of the counter-revolutionary and revisionist Lin Mo-han and his gang to eliminate from the orchestra for the ballet traditional Chinese instruments which they slandered as something capable of producing only "a wooden sound."

In the course of revolutionizing the music the percussion instruments of Peking opera and other traditional folk instruments were successfully incorporated into the orchestra after careful experiments and repeated improvement. The bold combination of the Western orchestra's broad range of sound and volume with lively national colour enriches the music's power of expression and gives it a unique style popular with the workers, peasants and soldiers.

This music, with its distinct class character, its popularity with the masses and its broad contemporaneity, fulfills with success its task of creating musical images of Hung Chang-ching, Wu Ching-hua and other heroic characters. It shatters the so-called "fountain-headism," "echoism" and other reactionary "laws" of bourgeois dilettantism and formalism, and sweeps away all the sentimentalism, gloominess and decadence of the bourgeois music.

Stage art — including scenery, lighting, costume, make-up and properties — also serves the portrayal of characters. It helps to bring out and set off the characters, their historical background and the circumstances in which they live.

Red Detachment of Women discards completely the naturalistic, formalistic and abstract treatment of bourgeois stage art, and follows instead the principle of putting proletarian heroes and revolutionary political content to the fore. In portraying heroic and positive characters, the stress is on "cleanness." This helps to bring out effectively the outward beauty of proletarian heroes and the sublime spiritual realm of communism. For example, the first half of Scene Two is given to the celebration by the armymen and civilians of the formation of the women's company. To illustrate the brilliant idea, **"Without a people's army the people have nothing,"** the ballet artists took great pains in working out a décor for the Party representative Hung Chang-ching and the red detachment of women under his lead, rejecting the practice of using noisy colours to create an atmosphere that overshadows the portrayal of the principal hero.

True, much attention is paid to the very prosperous atmosphere in the décor for the revolutionary base area. But when Hung Chang-

ching and the fighters of the women's company stride onto the stage, the colours of the scenery, lights and costumes quickly arrange themselves to set off the hero and the army under his lead. The blue sky and white clouds set off the company's bright red battle flag. The peasants' attractive festival clothes set off Hung Chang-ching's and his fighters' plain silver-grey uniforms, the distinct red stars on their army caps, their red collar tabs and red arm-bands — "a red star on our army caps, two red flags of the revolution on our collars," symbols of their loyalty to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Again, in Scene Four in which the armymen and civilians celebrate together, costumes in intermediate colours were designed for the peasants to set off the splendid beauty of Hung Chang-ching, Wu Ching-hua and other heroic people's fighters.

In designing the costumes naturalistic representation of everyday attire is rejected, just as any attempt to deviate from life or actual historical circumstances based on an art-for-art's-sake formalism is dismissed. Both tendencies destort the images of the labouring masses. The women's company, for instance, is a revolutionary force composed of the daughters of peasants and workers who have been cruelly exploited and oppressed by landlords and capitalists for generations. The ballet deals with a difficult period when the enemy was superior in strength and numbers. So the silver-grey uniforms they wear are full of patches. But these patches are put on neatly and properly, not in any shabby manner.

By combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, the stage art, proceeding from a clear-cut, strong class love and hatred, eulogizes heroes and lays bare the ugly features of the negative characters. In Scene Five when Hung Chang-ching passes out after being wounded while covering the retreat of his comrades-in-arms, clouds begin to gather in the background, accentuated by the rumble of distant thunder. Then when the Tyrant of the South and his bandit soldiers move up to Hung Chang-ching, the latter pushes them aside with an indignant sweep of the arms and looks at the Tyrant with cold fury. At this point flashes of lightning and peals of thunder bring to the fore the image of the hero towering over his

enemies, at the same time symbolizing the power that will destroy the old world, the coming fierce storm of revolution.

The success of the first revolutionary modern ballet in our country is a great victory for Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art, an outstanding achievement made under the meticulous care of Comrade Chiang Ching. The *Red Detachment of Women* opens a brand-new road for more and better Chinese ballets.

Fei Li-wen and Hsieh Ping-suo

Ten Stirring Days

"Nine, Four, Twenty-four" is a big iron mill we built. We named it that in honour of the closing date of the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party on April 24, 1969. That same day we started construction.

Once a scene of rolling hills, it is now a level site with tall smokestacks rising into the blue and large massive buildings. Trucks laden with equipment speed along the criss-crossing roads. The shriek of train whistles can be heard above the din of the workshops. Long conveyor belts rotate like dragons. Molten red metal pours amid dazzling showers of golden sparks, then flows and swiftly rolls....

Here, thousands of construction workers, **"going all out, aiming high and achieving greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism,"** wrote by their mighty and heroic labours many a stirring verse to the paean to Mao Tsetung Thought.

What we want to tell you about is water. Water is very important in an iron mill. They use a million tons of it every day, enough to supply the needs of a big city. To provide that much water, we had to lower a pump house about seven stories tall and weighing nearly a thousand tons right down to the water table, and then install our machinery. Should a bourgeois or a proletarian approach be used? This was the cause of hot argument within the unit given the job. Particularly when the proposal was made to finish within fifty days.

Veteran workers pledged themselves before a picture of Chairman Mao. Lively young fellows studied the Three Constantly Read Articles and vied to take on the hardest jobs. But a few persons clung to old data. They produced figures on previous similar projects and shook their heads mournfully.

"Fifty days? You must be calculating on the wrong calendar. When we were up in Paotow it took us three years. In Ma-anshan, we were pretty quick, but we spent two full dry seasons. To put in a huge pumping station like this one here will take at least half a year."

"Half a year? By which calendar are you figuring?" a clear voice rang out from among the workers.

Everyone turned to look. The speaker was Fang Yuan-chi, Communist and leader of the hoisting section.

"When Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line was riding high, foreign conventions strangled us workers and prevented us from using our energies to the full. But now, after three years of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, we see things clearly and are more energetic than ever." Fang's voice was charged with emotion. "Chairman Mao says in one of his poems: **'Ten thousand years are too long, seize the day, seize the hour!'** We must add resolution to revolution and fight for every minute, for the sake of the Chinese and the world revolutions and so as to smash imperialism, revisionism and reaction quickly. I say fifty days is too long. We can do it in less."

The workers burst into applause.

"What? You want to shorten the time still more?" The man who had been quoting old schedules jumped up and demanded. He ticked off on his fingers the time required for each stage of the operation. According to his calculations, six months would not be enough.

"You've thought of everything," Fang responded. "Everything except the people involved, people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

Chairman Mao teaches: **'It is people, not things, that are decisive.'** When people listen to Chairman Mao, they can make time listen to them and perform all kinds of miracles."

The workers talked it over. They decided: "Battle for thirty days, add resolution to revolution. By pushing ahead with the digging, we'll strike a blow at imperialism, revisionism and reaction." They called for full speed ahead.

By then it was two in the morning. Fang and other workers were still working out plans. They agreed that to finish the job in only a month they would have to sink the pump house all in one go. But the structure was so big and tall and heavy, they just couldn't figure out how to do it.

They had been busy all day and more than half the night. The unit chief could see how tired they were. He ordered them to get some rest and meet again after daybreak. But Fang couldn't think of sleep. He stood on the roof of the pump house in the icy wind and gazed at the choppy river, his mind as turbulent as the waves. Although it was still dark, arc lights turned the work site as bright as day, reddening half the sky. Voices called and shouted. Cement mixers rotated, wheelbarrows flew, sparks from welding torches danced. Everything seemed to be crying: Water, water, bring us water quickly, we're waiting for water to produce iron.

"Everyone is racing time in the fight against the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries, battling heaven and earth to do honour to our great leader Chairman Mao and our great socialist motherland," thought Fang. "Are we going to let the sinking of a pump house stick in our throats? No, absolutely not."

He walked to the edge of the river, sat down, and read in the works of Chairman Mao: **"The Chinese people have high aspirations, they have ability, and they will certainly catch up with and surpass advanced world levels in the not too distant future."** This splendid instruction gave Fang strength.

At dawn a red sun seemed to rise from the river, crimsoning the waters upstream and down. Water. That gave Fang an idea. Why not use water pressure to do the excavation? He leaped to his feet

and ran back and told his comrades what he thought. They heartily agreed and at once set to work with him on the necessary preparations.

But a few who hung tenaciously to foreign methods were stubbornly opposed. "If you eat too much, you burst. If you run too fast, you collapse," they said. "To finish six months' work in one, you need days a hundred and fifty hours long."

Fang and his mates studied Chairman Mao's teachings seriously. They said: "Chairman Mao called on us a long time ago to break with foreign conventions and develop industry in our own way. We've got to finish before the ground freezes. A month is too long. The time must be shortened still more."

They needed a pump with fifteen kilogrammes of pressure for hydraulic excavation, but their biggest pump had a pressure of only ten. Fang and the fitters and mechanics, losing sleep and missing meals, wrestled with the problem for several days. Finally, they came up with a solution. They linked two pumps in series, which gave them a pressure of eighteen kilogrammes. The electricians worked in the wind and snow, laying a whole new circuit to provide the power needed safely.

When all was in readiness, the night before they started, Fang had an accident. He and some comrades were dismantling a shed when a falling timber hurt his foot. He gritted his teeth and continued working. But the unit chief forced him to go back to the barracks and rest.

It was very quiet. Everyone, even the cooks and barbers and office personnel, was out at the site, helping with the pump house job. To make sure that Fang rested, the unit chief had someone take over for him and sent an old worker to keep an eye on him. The old worker was a man who couldn't bear being idle. He saw Fang lying on his bed and thought he was asleep. He tiptoed out, quietly shut the door and hurried back to the site. The moment he was gone, Fang quickly got out of bed.

"To the site. I must return to the work site." Fang forced himself to stand.

He put a big shoe on his injured foot, which was puffed up like a steamed roll. Enduring the pain, he walked, supporting himself

along the wall. Outside, he met a carpenter who had come back for some tools.

"Make me a crutch so I can get to the work site," Fang pleaded.

The carpenter was moved to tears by his selfless revolutionary ardour. But he refused to make the crutch and insisted on helping Fang back to the barracks.

The Party's thoughtfulness, the fondness and concern of his class brothers, gave Fang a sense of immeasurable warmth. He was extremely moved. How could he sleep? He recalled his childhood, he thought of the millions of class brothers all over the world who were still being oppressed and exploited. Before liberation, the Chinese people suffered cruel depredation at the hands of the American and Japanese imperialists. Now the U.S. imperialists and the social-imperialists were dreaming of invading China.

"I will follow Chairman Mao and wage revolution all my life," Fang said to himself. "I would gladly give my last breath to help liberate mankind and destroy imperialism, revisionism and reaction. What does an injured foot matter?"

His eyes brightened and he seemed to fill with strength. He stood up. Silently reciting **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice...,"** he hobbled step by step to the site.

The unit chief and the workers were sinking the pump house when Fang suddenly appeared. Everyone was astonished.

"Give me something to do," he begged the unit chief. "We're racing against time with the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries. How can I lie sleeping on my bed!"

The unit chief took one look at Fang's mud-spattered clothes and his sweat-streaked face, and he understood. Nothing could budge this man's utter loyalty to our great leader Chairman Mao and to the Communist Party. He handed him his signal flags and said warmly:

"All right. You take over."

Tears of joy in his eyes, Fang accepted the signal flags. He mounted the signal platform where, in the glowing sunlight, he stood like a man of steel.

A hush fell on the workers. All eyes turned in Fang's direction. Every man waited tensely for his orders.

"Lower away!" At the wave of his flags, the workers sprang into action. Engines roared thunderously. The men put everything into their jobs, and they sang in magnificent chorus: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Slowly, the 7,000-ton pump house began to sink, lower and lower....

China's working class is eternally loyal to our great leader Chairman Mao. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has aroused in them the keenest and most fearless revolutionary spirit. The construction men braved snowstorms and bitter cold and battled tenaciously for ten days and ten nights. Their work was of the highest quality and at the utmost speed, with the result that the huge 7,000-ton pump house settled firmly into place at the prescribed depth.

Chao Tzu and
Yao Ke-ming

Down the Golden Road

Work site 9424. Green surrounding hills in the distance, brown soil showing through on the verdant ridges, a golden road winding amid the undulating terrain like a belt tightly binding the bustling work site.

The traveller coming down this road is confronted with an impressive picture. Sparks fly from arc-welding torches, hooting trains puffing white smoke dash to and fro, peasant militia singing work chants dig soil from hills to level the land. Not far from the road red brick buildings dot the green slopes. A new city is growing.

Further on, a row of structures of reinforced concrete rise like mountain peaks. Cranes, hoists and derricks are a forest of steel. Lofty furnaces and blowers complete a typically industrial scene. From a tall smokestack hangs a long streamer, reading: **"Unite to win still greater victories."** These words from the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party shimmer in the sun. On the scaffolding of a big sintering mill, about to go into operation,

red banners wave. Clouds of white steam drift from the flues of the coking ovens, a sign that they are already baking coke.

What remarkable speed. Only a year, and the construction is completed. In the long stream of history a year is only an instant. Yet in that instant this land which had been sleeping for centuries was startled into wakefulness. Tomorrow molten metal will spew and flow from its breast.

A beautiful view from the golden road, carved through bramble gullies and rocky bluffs. Every grain of gravel is drenched with the sweat of the road builders, every footprint attests to their unquenchable energy. It is a road of developing industry through arduous effort, a revolutionary road.

On the morning of May 26, 1969, the first group of construction workers arrived, and the first unit of peasant militia. With deep loyalty to our great leader Chairman Mao, they came to the desolate flats amid the hills, the precious red books in their hands, their luggage on their backs. Chairman Mao teaches: **"Be self-reliant, work hard." "Build up our country through diligence and frugality."** They built the project in this spirit from the first spadeful of earth they dug, the first mound they levelled, the first pond they filled.

These workers came from a nearby city, where they had been building roads and sewers. They had no experience in such a huge project. But they were quite confident. "We have invincible Mao Tsetung Thought," they said. "We'll learn warfare in the course of battle."

According to the original plan the road would cross many hills. It involved an enormous amount of earth moving and would slow the project considerably. The road builders pointed out that this violated the principle of attaining quality, quantity, speed and economy. They proposed modifications suitable to the terrain which cut down on the earth moving by two-thirds.

When construction started, the workers were still living in a small town ten *li* from the site. Every morning they walked, each man carrying a couple of steamed rolls and a pot of water. They worked every day, rain or shine, often continuing far into the night, in the

light of the moon and the stars, or the headlights of trucks. When their picks and shovels wore out, they used hoes and mattocks and other farm tools. Carrying baskets of earth on their sinewy shoulders, they removed entire hills, filled ponds and conquered all manner of difficulties.

Peasant militia, working by their side, showed the utmost courage. Their stamina and capacity for hard work was immense, and they performed many remarkable feats. Once, they came across an unexploded dynamite charge buried in the ground. It had to be removed, but it was a dangerous job. A young militiaman stepped forward. "I'll do it." He set to clearing the earth away with his shovel, all the while reciting: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Finally, he succeeded in extracting the detonator.

The workers and the militia did many such brave deeds. Their feet stamped a path through the wilderness, their hands built a road, allowing a vast movement of men and materials and development of the project at full blast.

Night of March 1, 1970 was dark and cloudy. The wind howled. In the glare of arc lights, a big prime mover with a flatcar trailer got ready to haul a huge blast furnace.

According to methods of many years standing, blast furnaces were made and transported in sections, then assembled at the iron mill. But the bold workers were racing for time against the imperialists and revisionists. They built the furnace in its entirety and hauled it thus to the site.

The big furnace was waiting at the dock. Many hundred tons in weight, tall as a multi-storeyed building, it stood massive and towering. How were they going to get a thing as big and heavy as that to the mill?

Some, made timid by foreign conventions, said the road would first have to be paved to an additional thickness of several centimetres and widened by several metres, and that only a foreign trailer of hundreds of tons could carry the load. Anything else would be "too dangerous."

But the veteran drivers and transport men had no use for this super-caution and slavish worship of things foreign. **"Only heroes can quell tigers and leopards, and wild bears never daunt the brave,"** as Chairman Mao says in one of his poems.

"What is danger to a revolutionary?" they demanded. "We're not afraid to take on this job."

They favoured building enterprises by arduous struggle. The transport men had no big foreign trailer, so they built their own. They got an old trailer, put thirty-two wheels on it, then hooked on a second trailer of a hundred and fifty tons behind that. Though crude and simple, it was able to accommodate the huge blast furnace. With two prime movers pulling in front, and two trailers with a total of eighty-eight wheels following, the vehicles started to roll. Flanked by crowds of men walking on both sides, the cavalcade moved forward in a downpour which fell hissing upon the road. The wind and rain were a symphony of battle, lightning streaking across the black night sky drew a heroic picture, as the bold transport men drove on.

Slowly the vehicles advanced. Going around a curve up a hill, one of the prime movers, because it was labouring under too much of a strain, suddenly stalled. The trailer immediately behind skidded forward and four of its wheels on the right side sank into the mud, leaving its four opposite wheels hanging in the air. It so happened that the slope side was on the left. To the right was a very deep pond. There was considerable danger that the road would collapse in that direction.

Transport men jumped down from the vehicles. With timbers and wedges they climbed under the precariously leaning trailer. They were cool and courageous, and their only concern was safety of the blast furnace.

News of the accident spread through the work site. Thousands of workers quickly flocked to the scene. Leading comrades from the director's office and militiamen carrying shovels also came, as well as trucks, big and small, with rescue equipment.

Big rocks were thrown into the pond, timbers which took two men to carry were shoved under the body of the trailer. Soon, well

over a hundred tons of rock filled the pond. The pelting rain, shouts, the horns of the trucks, blended in noisy harmony. The hills rang with the great cry: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

They worked for more than ten hours, right through to the following afternoon, until the peril was finally averted. Again the prime movers started, and the blast furnace proceeded through the rain. The rescue workers discovered that their clothes were coatings of ice, but on their faces were smiles of triumph. They gazed with emotion at the deep ruts where the trailer had foundered, reminders of the heroic battle they had waged. No ordinary rescue operation, it had been a glorious fight to preserve the principle **"Be self-reliant,"** enunciated by Chairman Mao.

They continued extending the road through the entire project. Truck loaded with equipment rolled along it, trailing clouds of dust. Workers in safety helmets, lines of militiamen, swung down the road, heads high, red banners flying, to the accompaniment of song and laughter. Following this road, the heroic construction workers broke a whole series of records.

The erection of the towering blast furnace is a further evidence of the fact that China's working class dares to grapple with thorny problems and hack out paths where man's foot has never trodden. When had a blast furnace ever been raised in a single piece? Bourgeois commentators predicted that the operation was sure to fail. But the veteran construction workers completely discredited them.

Chairman Mao, our great leader, says: **"We cannot just take the beaten track traversed by other countries in the development of technology and trail behind them at a snail's pace."** The workers smashed foreign conventions and dogma. In a mass meeting at the project, they soundly refuted Liu Shao-chi's slavish comprador philosophy and his doctrine of trailing behind at a snail's pace. This opened everyone's eyes and gave them added energy.

Some persons tried to throw cold water on the idea. "There's no rule anywhere in the world about raising a fully assembled furnace," they sneered.

"We don't know anything about foreign rules," was the workers' retort. "All we know is conquering difficulties and winning victories. What others haven't done before, we shall do. Where others haven't gone before, we shall go."

The morning of March 27, 1970 was clear and bright. The work site was a sea of red flags, songs rose like tides. Workers came from every part of the project to see the furnace erected. They crowded the surrounding structures by the thousands, waiting tensely.

A warning bell rang. All fell silent. Someone waved a red flag on the signal platform. A light flashed on the arm of a crane capable of lifting two hundred tons. Lying on its side, the furnace slowly raised its head. Thousands of eyes stared. Thousands of voices silently recited the slogan written on the big furnace: "China's workers have high aspirations. This fully assembled furnace shall be erected in one piece."

The rhythmic throb of the motors was duplicated by the tumultuous beat of the watchers' hearts. As the giant furnace was gradually pulled erect, installation workers swiftly added timber props, like soldiers charging through a hail of bullets regardless of risk. Their only thought was: "We must be credit to our great leader Chairman Mao and our great socialist motherland."

Second by second, time sped by. Foot by foot, the furnace moved. Finally it stood straight high. On the very top were three men who had the dangerous job of observing whether the furnace suffered any damage while being raised. Now each of them broke out a bright red flag. The steel giant was standing firm. The whole work site seethed and rocked with joy. Cheers, slogans, drums and cymbals shook the earth and sky.

"Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" With tears in their eyes, people shouted with all their hearts. And the cheers echoed in the green hills and soared over the big river flowing steadily east.

A Blank Application Form for Party Membership

Chairman Mao teaches us, **"The Party organization should be composed of the advanced elements of the proletariat; it should be a vigorous vanguard organization capable of leading the proletariat and the revolutionary masses in the fight against the class enemy."** And member of the Communist Party should be an advanced element of the proletariat.

"An advanced element of the proletariat," said Hu Yeh-tao, "should take the lead in studying Chairman Mao's works, remoulding his own ideology, doing the tiring and cumbersome jobs, and dare to charge ahead in moments of danger."

Hu was a member of a control tower company in the naval air force. He said this on January 25, 1970 to a comrade who also had expressed his desire in writing to join the Communist Party.

But quite unexpectedly in three hour's time it turned out to be his testament.

Hu was born in Anhwei Province to a farm labourer's family who had suffered much and harboured deep hatred for their oppressors. His grandfather had toiled for landlords for several decades. His parents had been beggars since childhood. In 1947, before Hu was born, they were living in a ruined temple. When they went out begging, they usually took with them their two children, a three-year old daughter and a baby boy, who was less than a year. But one day they were too hungry to carry them both, so the girl was left in the temple. When they came back in the evening, they found that she had starved to death....

The class sufferings of the poor and their hatred for the old society, born of blood and tears, were engraved on Hu's mind ever since he was a child.

The poor people revolted and won liberation. And a red sun rose in Hu's heart. With boundless love for the great leader Chairman Mao, he posted a picture of him on the wall of his small thatched hut. Filled with infinite gratitude, he wrote on each side of the door: "Long live the Communist Party of China!" and "Long live Chairman Mao!" Whenever he gazed at the open field bathed in sunshine, he would sing loudly: "Red is the east, rises the sun. China has brought forth a Mao Tsetung. For the people's happiness he works, *hu erh hai yo,* he's the people's liberator."

He always took the PLA men as his examples, doing everything in accordance with the revolutionary traditions they had created.

In 1961, some PLA men came to stay in Hu's village. He was delighted. He joined the soldiers in their study of Chairman Mao's works. When they sang songs, he learned to sing too. When they told stories about their miserable past, he sat beside them listening with tears in his eyes. When they practised with their bayonets, he imitated them with a wooden stick.

"Do you think I can be a good fighter for Chairman Mao?" Hu asked soldier Young Chang one day.

"If you want to be a good fighter for Chairman Mao, you've got to rely on Mao Tsetung Thought." Chang presented him with the Three Constantly Read Articles — *Serve the People, In memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains.*

Chang made him a kerosene lamp out of a small medicine bottle so that Hu could study with him in the evenings. They did thus regularly. Once he was ill with a high fever. Chang urged him to rest.

"The illness is nothing," Hu said, holding Chang's hand. "Just teach me a few more lines!"

His heart grew brighter and brighter just as the small lamp did when its wick was trimmed. The Three Constantly Read Articles brought him into a spiritual realm of new height.

Following the example of Chang Szu-teh in *Serve the People,* he **"served the people whole-heartedly."** He helped other peasants build or repair their houses, giving little thought to his own collapsing shed. In summer 1967, his village suffered from a severe drought, which dried up the only well. The villagers had no water to drink. A rope tied round his waist, tools in hand, he descended scores of feet to the bottom of the well. He worked in the mire which reached his waist and chilled his bones. Whenever he looked up at the tiny patch of sky over his head, he felt dizzy. And the moss-covered stone wall of the well threatened to crumble at any time.

Each time the rope connecting Hu with the world above quivered, the commune members felt as if their hearts were trembling. Everyone sweated for the young man. But down below he sang in a voice that rang. He dug stubbornly until he reached a clear spring. The commune members praised him for the good deed he had done for the brigade. But Hu said, "Chang Szu-teh worked for the people all year round. What I did is very insignificant."

Like Norman Bethune, he helped his class brothers with **"boundless warm-heartedness"** in the spirit of **"utter devotion to others without any thought of self."**

Hu was so busy working, he did not even find time to cook his meals. Brigade leader Li Hsueh-hung, a Communist, was greatly concerned about him.

"Child," he said, "we have our meals waiting for us when we get home. But you have to cook your own. So you can go back a bit earlier than the rest of us."

Hu, however, stuck to his work in the field from dawn till dark. What was more, he insisted on lodging Young Wang, an orphan of poor peasant origin, in his cottage and looking after him. "Like two bitter melons from the same vine," he thought, "we are kith and kin of the same class. We've got to care for each other."

He gave Young Wang the best food he could afford and the shoes which the head of the women's team had made for him. In case Wang was out tending ducks and could not come back, Hu sometimes walked five or six *li* to bring him his lunch.

The commune members said, "You two are really like brothers!" Hu answered: "We poor and lower-middle peasants are one family."

In the spirit of the Foolish Old Man, Hu defied all difficulties and struggled against the heavens and earth, cultivating land for the revolution.

Early one morning he was awakened by a pouring rain. Seeing that the pool was overflowing, Hu guessed the reservoir must be in danger. A heap of straw in his arms, he dashed to the foot of the mountain where a ferocious torrent came rushing down, whirling and beating through the breached lock. He blocked the gap with the straw, which was immediately swept away. He plunged into the current with four bundles of straw in his arms. Entirely immersed with only his head above the water, he stood against the gap, as if rooted. The reservoir was saved. A bumper harvest was brought in that year.

Through his fighting experience, Hu gradually realized the truth: "Chairman Mao's works are the best textbooks for the labouring people and Mao Tsetung Thought is the life-line of the poor and lower-middle peasants." Not only did he himself study Chairman Mao's works, he also organized the masses to study them. In 1965, with the help of some PLA men he converted his small cottage into a night school of studying Chairman Mao's works.

Once a lamp is lit, a great expanse is made bright. Old peasants said with joy, "The lad Hu Yeh-tao's changed and so has everyone in our village. Now we villagers study and sing the Three Constantly Read Articles and apply them in our actions."

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Hu worked heart and soul for the interests of the people, weathering the wind and frost of the fierce class struggle like a sturdy, green pine. He was elected three times activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works.

Hu was eighteen years old. When people asked him what he intended to do in the future, he looked up at the portrait of Chairman Mao and pointed at the world map on the wall, saying, "I'll take up a gun and stand guard for Chairman Mao. I'll fight for the proletariat and win emancipation for mankind." Hu's wish came true at last. He was admitted into the army. The news spread fast among the commune members. On the eve of his departure, all the poor and lower-middle peasants called at his small cottage to say goodbye to the boy.

A lame old granny on crutches said, "Child, during the past few years, you always fetched water for me, but you never drank any."

The old woman produced a few eggs from her pocket.

Hu waved his hand in refusal. "Granny," he said, "it's Chairman Mao who has taught me to fetch water for you. You should thank him."

The brigade leader also came. "Yeh-tao," he said, "you are a revolutionary pathbreaker and a model in production in our village. Now you're leaving, the brigade's prepared a few gifts for you."

"Brigade leader," Hu said, shaking his head, "the brigade mustn't spend a single penny on me. Keep it for production."

When he got the notice from the army to report for duty, a peasant said to him, "You have economized a lot on rice and raised many hens. It's proper you should have a good meal before you go."

Hu smiled, saying, "The poor and lower-middle peasants have brought me up. The brigade is my home. So the brigade should have what I have saved."

It was late at night, but the villagers were reluctant to leave Hu's cottage. At daybreak the next morning, rosy rays of the sun reddened the sky. Every peasant family wanted to invite Hu to a meal. But when they came to call on him, they only saw several hundred *jin* of grain on the bed and eleven big hens.

They were so moved, tears rolled down on their cheeks. "This lad. . . ," they said. "He's leaving everything to the brigade. A true man wholly devoted to the collective!"

One morning of March 1969, Hu travelled in a train packed to capacity with new recruits bound for the ice-sealed northern land.

On arrival at the PLA unit — big school of Mao Tsetung Thought, Hu intensified his study of Chairman Mao's works. "Though my literacy is limited," he said, "my loyalty to Chairman Mao is unlimited. I can certainly study well Chairman Mao's works."

In the revolutionary spirit of **"Seize the day, seize the hour,"** he put into practice what he had learned. He made high demands on himself, remoulding and guiding his actions according to Mao Tsetung Thought. In this way, he marched at full speed along the course charted by Chairman Mao.

He **"looked upon the interests of the revolution as his very life."** Whatever he was assigned to do, he would say, "I'll do whatever the Party tells me to. It's the revolutionary work that chooses a person and not otherwise." He subordinated himself to the requirements of the revolution like a screw in a machine. In the airfield maintenance company, he was an industrious and conscientious worker. With the help of his comrades-in-arms, he always kept the airfield in good order. It was not an easy job to work in the control tower, but bearing the revolutionary cause in mind, he came out as a highly skilled man in technique, though he did not have much education, thus setting an example for all others in the station. When working in the kitchen, he always chose the most tiring and mucky jobs — cutting vegetables, feeding pigs, fueling the stove and cleaning the sink and drain. Shortly after he joined the army, he was admitted into the Communist Youth League.

He was **"more concerned about the Party and the masses than about any individual."** He never squandered a single penny. All the money he saved from his pay he used to buy Chairman Mao's works and Chairman Mao badges for the poor and lower-middle peasants. His plastic pen had been broken several times, and each time he put it together with adhesive plaster. Last June, when he saw three maize stalks crushed down on the ground, he propped them

up with tree branches and tied them with his shoelaces. Another time, he and his comrades sighted a cart overturned on a highway. They all immediately rushed to the spot. He threw himself under the cart and jacked it up with his shoulder, thus saving the old driver from injury. Torn by nails, he was bleeding, but he bore the pain. His comrades inquired after him. He said, "It doesn't matter if I shed a little blood. Torn clothes can easily be mended; torn flesh will heal soon. But the relationship between armymen and civilians must remain intact."

Hu possessed a **"boundless sense of responsibility in his work."** Once he and his comrades were digging a ditch to lay a cable. After the work was over all the others left, carrying away the tools. But he was not quite sure whether everything was all right. He inspected the ditch inch by inch and discovered the sharp edge of a stone sticking out of the bed. Should he leave it untouched, or should he clear this "hidden danger" for the cable?

Hu was always strict with himself. He gouged the stone out bit by bit in the pouring rain with bare hands. His fingers bled as a result.

In the upsurge to carry out the spirit of the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party, Hu assiduously studied the new Party Constitution, which pointed out the direction for his advance and filled him with fresh strength.

In a discussion he spoke about the bitter history of his family and the education the Party gave him. "It's Chairman Mao who saved me and the Party that nurtured me," he said. "The Party's kindness is much greater than that of my parents." He strove to raise his political consciousness to such a standard as to be accepted by the proletarian vanguard organization at an early time so that he could fight still better for the emancipation of mankind and the splendid cause of communism.

One evening, Hu expressed this wish to the political instructor while reporting to him about his study of the new Party Constitution.

Contemplating this youthful fighter of medium height, the instructor thought of the rapid progress Hu had made and felt very happy.

"Before being a Communist organizationally," he said, "you must first of all join the Party ideologically."

"Yes, I will remould my world outlook, eradicating all the selfishness in me and fostering a public spirit for the collective. I will show by my actions that I join the Party ideologically."

Hu meant what he said.

In response to Chairman Mao's great call **"Unite to win still greater victories,"** he did all he could to help his fellow fighters with their ideological improvement. When he learned that Young Liu was not on good terms with some of his comrades, he held heart-to-heart talks with him.

Once, returning late at night from the town, Hu heard that Liu was a bit hungry. He rushed back to the barracks ahead of others in one breath and had the water and food ready for his comrades. Liu was very moved and said, "You're a comrade who thinks always of others!" With Hu's help, Liu made great progress.

"The exemplary vanguard role of the Communists is of vital importance."

The seething work site was lit brightly. This was no ordinary project but a battle to carry out Chairman Mao's directives.

In the struggle, Hu was always among the first to charge whenever dangers presented themselves.

In late autumn the water was cold as ice, but he was the first to descend into it to lay electric cables on the bottom of the river. In the misty dust, he bustled about carrying two hundred *jin* of cement which was urgently needed at the work site, although he himself was no more than a hundred *jin* in weight.

They were digging another ditch. The man who wielded the hammer was a new hand. The twelve-pound tool missed the spike and struck Hu's hand. The fellow who caused the accident was shocked, but Hu remained calm as if nothing had happened. He put some clay on the wound to stop the bleeding, then went on holding the spike tightly in position.

"Go on hitting," he said. "To eliminate imperialism, revisionism and reaction, we must keep on with our work."

When carrying concrete poles, he always shouldered the heavier end. Sometimes the strong carrying pole broke under the weight. Afraid that other comrades might not be able to stand the strain, he shifted the weight on himself. His shoulders were rubbed raw, his clothes stuck to the wounds, but he went on with his work.

Once they were carrying concrete poles across a muddy field when one of his shoes sank into the mud. Without uttering a word he trod on, barefoot. When they got out of the mud his comrades perceived bloody stains in his footprints. They realized that his foot must have been cut by the stubble in the field, so they did not allow him to proceed further. Hu argued, "For the sake of consolidating the proletarian dictatorship, we must work with muscle and brain even at the cost of our lives!"

"I am for the slogan 'Fear neither hardship nor death.'" Hu took every battle in the construction work as a test for the advanced elements of the proletariat. Once cement was badly needed at the work site. He and Chen Chang-kuei transported it in a wheelbarrow. While they were crossing a narrow dyke, the wheelbarrow got stuck. Young Chen was at a loss, but Hu jumped down the slope. Standing in the mud he propped the wheel with his shoulder, shouting, "Push!" With one wheel on the dyke and the other on Hu's shoulder the wheelbarrow, pushed by Chen, started moving forward inch by inch. Every inch was a demonstration of Hu's firm will to fight for communism.

One day, the index finger of Hu's right hand was injured when he was on duty. It festered and swelled up the size of a turnip. The leadership ordered him to rest and get it properly treated. But he went on working. The company leadership had to get Young Chen to keep an eye on him. This measure touched his heartstrings, but made him all the more anxious to get on with the work. He persuaded Chen to go back to work. No sooner had Chen left than he appeared at the work site again. The deputy instructor stopped him and said imperatively, "Go back, quick!"

"Deputy instructor," Hu said "I can't leave my fighting post!" The deputy instructor had to give in, and assigned him to stand guard at the work site. In order to ensure that other comrades had more

time to rest, he often refused to be relieved. At daybreak when he was off duty, he would fetch water, sweep the floor and cook breakfast. His comrades called him "a man with steel bones and sinews who can never stand idle."

This was the way Hu tempered himself in the big furnace of revolution. He acted conscientiously in accordance with the requirement of the Party Constitution: "Members of the Communist Party of China, who dedicate their lives to the struggle for Communism, must be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." He marched forward steadily in the direction of becoming an advanced element of the proletariat.

Fine steel is tempered in blazing fire, so pathbreakers mature through struggle. The Party's education enabled Hu to heighten his awareness of class struggle, the struggle between the two lines and continuing the revolution. He gave himself heart and soul to the cause of revolution. Every nerve fibre, every drop of his blood, he felt, simmered with deep love for the Party. Resolved to dedicate his life to the struggle for communism, Hu submitted to the Party branch his application for membership on December 19, 1969. This was what he wrote:

"For the emancipation of mankind, I am prepared to make the globe red with my blood."

At a branch committee meeting Hu's application was unanimously approved. When the matter was brought up for general discussion among the masses, all commanders and fighters supported the decision of the branch committee.

On January 25, 1970, the instructor was about to go with the application form for Hu to fill in. It was quite a distance from the company headquarters.

Covered with heavy snow, the ground was frozen hard as steel. Having secured the permission from his superiors, Hu continued working at the construction site. Under his lead, many others joined in the battle. In a minute Hu was sweating all over. He took off his padded clothes and worked in shirt and pants.

Suddenly, all the lights went off. Hu's comrade-in-arms Shao Chung-hai was heard screaming: "I got an electric shock!"

"Electric shock?" Hu's blood was boiling. His eyes saw stars. **"To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai."**

"Don't move!" he shouted. He rushed forward with big strides and pulled aside the electric line to which Shao was stuck.

Hu braved death so that others might live. Shao was saved, and the others were put out of danger, but Hu, a good fighter of Chairman Mao and good son of the Party, stopped breathing....

"Hu Yeh-tao! Hu Yeh-tao!" the fighters called him. A great sorrow descended on the lofty, green mountains, on the vast plains.

"Hu Yeh-tao!" said the instructor softly, with tears in his eyes. The formal application form, which he was about to ask Hu to fill in, was in his hand, "Yeh-tao! Yeh-tao! Dear comrade! You have already filled in the form not with ink, but with your life, a brilliant fighting life. It's a form shining gloriously red."

Hu was boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tsetung Thought and Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. The Party committee of his unit recognized him posthumously as a member of the Communist Party of China.

When the news of the martyr's death reached his home village, the poor and lower-middle peasants, their eyes filled with tears, flocked into the small thatched cottage where the hero had lived. They found everything there so familiar and dear. Hu's battalion commander also came, bringing with him the martyr's ashes and a bottle of medicinal wine which Hu had bought for Aunt Lu. The aunt said, weeping, "Yeh-tao! You have done so many good things for us poor and lower-middle peasants! How much we shall miss you!"

Hu is not dead. He lives for ever in the hearts of his comrades-in-arms and the poor and lower-middle peasants. He shall for ever inspire the people to fight for new victories.

Wang Ming-fu and Kung Chih-hsiung

Water

The Tanzanian island of Zanzibar is beautiful and rich in products. Clad in luxuriant cocoanut palms and clove trees, it is a sea of jade. However, this emerald isle was torn by calamity and distress due to long occupation and plunder by imperialism.

At the south end there is a hilly region known as Makunduchi, a place of hills and mounds, with many caves and crevices. Trees grow sparsely, thorns bristle everywhere. Water is scarce. In the scorching heat, how people long for a drink of sweet fresh water!

One day, a truck with the Chinese water supply construction group arrived at Makunduchi. The tranquil village burst into excited applause. "China! Mao Tsetung!" the villagers shouted as they bustled about spreading the good news. "Chairman Mao has sent men to help us get water." Men and women, old and young pressed forward. Some unloaded the equipment, others carried it to the work site. They emptied the laden truck in no time.

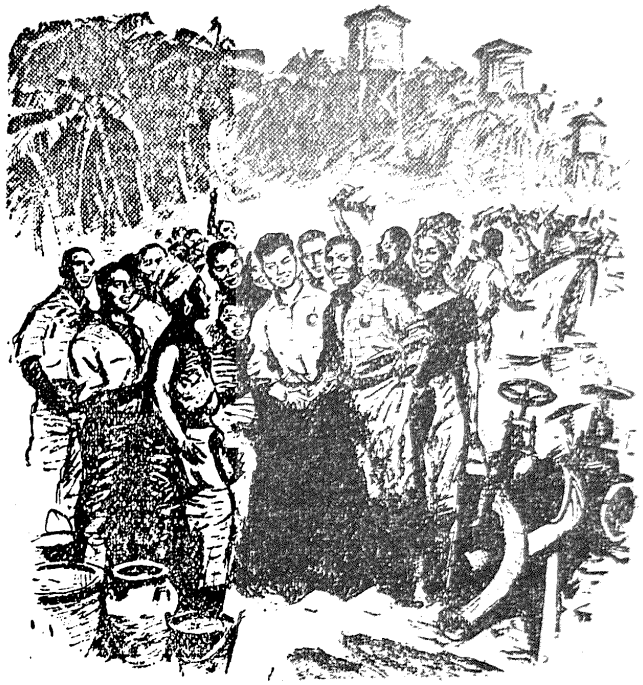
A burly old man stepped out from the crowd. The sharp eyes in his dark shining face and the big sword in his belt proved the militancy of the awakening revolutionary African people. He was Itilisha Chiuma, the old village chief. Stretching out his strong sinewy arms he hugged us. With obvious emotion he said, "Thank you. Thank Chairman Mao...." Then he told us about their bitter past.

Originally their ancestors lived in a place called Machiuyi where the soil was rich and cattle flourished. Later, colonialists discovered the place and galloped in on horseback to measure and claim the land. It became their private estate as far as they could ride. The inhabitants, driven from their homes, were filled with class hatred and national fury. Finally they settled on this rock shoal. They dug wells. But the water was salty. The few fresh-water wells they dug either dried up or became muddy during the dry season. Their only source of water was in a cave three miles away.

About 150 feet deep, dark and chilly, the cave was a rugged weird place. People carrying pails on their heads, had to grope their way in the cavern. When they emerged again they were exhausted and soaked with sweat. The rocks underfoot, polished by many feet, were gleaming and slippery. People often fell and were hurt. One could see fragments of broken pots and jars at the bottom of the clear pool, evidence of the hard times generations of working people had gone through.

"The vicious imperialists and colonialists are our deadly enemies," the old village chief said with great agitation. "We've overthrown them by force and achieved independence. This shows that Chairman Mao's statement, **'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun,'** is absolutely right. Chairman Mao is very much concerned about the poor on this rocky shoal and is helping us solve our water problem. He is really the great leader of the world's people. We love him very dearly...."

Fixing his eyes on the glittering Chairman Mao badges on our jackets, he exclaimed: "Chairman Mao Tsetung! Chairman Mao Tsetung!" Then he pointed to himself. To his great joy we gladly pinned a Chairman Mao badge on his shirt. He gripped our hands for a long time....



After a while he said, "If you really can divert water from the cave to our village!" Pausing, he asked, "Are you sure you can dig a channel and lay a pipe-line through the rocks?"

We laughed. "Absolutely! With Mao Tsetung Thought to guide us we fear no difficulties."

Glancing at his Chairman Mao badge the old men smiled, reassured.

We set to work. In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching, **"Fear neither hardship nor death,"** the Chinese technicians and the Tanzanian workers attacked the rocks in high spirits, ignoring both blistering sunshine and violent storms.

"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." Chairman Mao quotation songs and shouted slogans rang over the work site. Hammers clanged, pickaxes thud-

ded, pneumatic drills roared. All these were blended into a magnificent battle song.

Thanks to the tenacious struggle of the Chinese technical personnel and Tanzanian workers, the water pipe, which followed a winding course, was laid ahead of schedule.

Early the next morning, people swarmed to the work site. An imposing sight met their eyes: Silvery steel water-towers stood splendid against the tall green palms. A streamer from the top of a tower gleamed in the brilliant sunlight. It bore the slogan: "Long live the friendship between the Tanzanian and Chinese peoples!"

Suddenly came the chugging of a diesel engine from a pump house in the distance. In a wink fresh water spurted from the taps in every village, brought by criss-crossing pipes totalling more than 7,000 metres in length. Spray was flying, people were thrilled.

"The water's come!"

"Long live Chairman Mao!"

Overflowing with joy they raced to the taps carrying pots and pails on their heads. Old men beat a rhythmic tattoo on their pails. This instantly aroused the crowd. Women in their holiday dresses with printed kerchiefs and pails on their heads began an African folk dance.

Hot tears filled the eyes of the old village chief. He held our hands in a firm grasp and said, "Our age-old dream has come true at last. Thank you again...."

We said, "Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **'The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty.'** We've only done what we should. Chairman Mao also teaches us that assistance is always mutual. You're sticking to the road of self-reliance, holding high the great banner of anti-imperialism and anti-colonialism and supporting the world's revolutionary people in their struggle for national liberation. That supports us too. It's we who should learn from you."

"Tanzanian people see very clearly who is their genuine friend," a young man chimed in with spirit. "Please convey our best wishes to Chairman Mao. We wish him a long, long life!" He eagerly asked for a Chairman Mao badge.

"We, too, want Chairman Mao badges. We all love Chairman Mao," declared the crowd. They expressed the affection of the world's revolutionary people towards our great leader.

As we pinned a Chairman Mao badge on everyone's clothing, a tumultuous cheer broke out: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Gazing at the water gushing from the tap and the shining Chairman Mao badges, they realized how the fresh water had been brought to them. A red sun has risen in their hearts, shedding its light in all directions....

Chu Chang-sheng

Wishes

Last year, a few days before National Day, a foreign freighter docked at Shanghai. One afternoon I met mechanic Hans from the freighter in the reading room of the Sailors' Club where he was reading Chairman Mao's works with great concentration. Formerly he always came on shore with his old friend Peter, but Peter was not there that day. I was rather surprised and asked him, "Why isn't Peter here?"

Hans smiled, his eyes crinkling, and replied, "The old man was so busy he didn't sleep the whole night." And before I could say any more he continued, "He's a good friend of yours, you guess why!" Having uttered this cryptic statement, he winked a couple of times and returned to his reading of Chairman Mao's works.

As it happened, I had to go on board the freighter early next morning and, remembering Hans' mysterious manner of the day before, I made use of a spare moment to look for old Peter. I found his cabin and walked in. He was sitting by the porthole, so intent on his task that he didn't hear me enter. I quietly walked over to see what he was doing. In golden thread, the characters "Long live Chairman

Mao!" glittered brightly on a piece of glowing crimson cloth. Fifty-year-old Peter was carefully embroidering the final exclamation mark. His thick clumsy fingers trembled with his efforts and beads of perspiration shone on his forehead. I could even hear the smacking noises he made with his lips, as if he were savouring some great happiness.

I was afraid of disturbing him. In any case, I could find no words with which to express my feeling, for I was deeply moved. At the sight of his single normal hand, the past flashed through my mind....

One spring afternoon of the previous year, I was standing on deck talking to Hans when several sailors emerged from the engine-room supporting an old man whose face was deathly white. They were all shouting in great distress, "Hand, hand!" Four fingers of old Peter's hand had been cut off by engine. The news of the accident spread rapidly and the Chinese dockers came rushing to the scene. A few minutes later, the ambulance drew up by the ship.

Hans was very upset and said, "What a terrible thing to happen! Another sailor maimed!"

"Not necessarily!" I said immediately.

"Half a year ago," continued Hans in great indignation, "we had a mechanic named Otto on board our freighter and two of his fingers were crushed by the machine. In capitalist countries, a worker's life is not worth a penny. Otto's fingers were amputated and he became a cripple." Unable to contain his fury, Hans spat violently on the ground.

"In our New China, we can certainly find a way to save his hand!" declared a Chinese worker firmly. As if he had understood the meaning, Hans rushed to the engine-room and brought back old Peter's severed fingers. We immediately hurried Peter to the hospital.

Once in hospital, Peter spoke to the surgeon.

"Doctor," he said in a worried tone, "this hand is a worker's hand, the life of my whole family depends on it."

"We will most certainly rejoin your fingers," the surgeons earnestly replied.

The operation was extremely successful. After several months of careful nursing, Peter's fingers were saved. The first thing he

wrote with his newly healed hand was the Chinese words "Long live Chairman Mao," which he had just learned. With tears in his eyes, he gripped my hands. "Chairman Mao has saved me and my whole family. If this had occurred in a capitalist country I would have been left disabled. I would have lost my job and that would have been the end!"

Today, it was with this hand that he was embroidering "Long live Chairman Mao!" on the red cloth, thereby expressing his heartfelt emotions for Chairman Mao.

When the old man had finished the last stitch, he pressed the cloth to his heart and, gazing reverently up at Chairman Mao's portrait on the wall, he exclaimed, "Chairman Mao, oh Chairman Mao, how I long to see you! I wish you a long, long life!" And waving his arm he shouted loudly several times, "Long live Chairman Mao!" I joined him in his cheering upon which he turned around and grasping my hand, declared, "October first will soon be here. This festival belongs not only to the Chinese people but to the world's people as well. With this hand that Chairman Mao has given to me I embroider the heartfelt wishes the world's proletariat send to our great teacher, Chairman Mao. Please convey my sincerest thanks to the great Chinese people and give them this present."

His eyes glistened with tears and his broad, sun-burned chest heaved with emotion. I was moved to the depths of my soul, and, speechless, I felt the tears prick my eyes.

The morning clouds and the harbour were bathed in golden light from the rising sun and outside the porthole the majestic strains of *The East Is Red* rang out over the loud-speaker. Carried away by our sentiments, old Peter and I burst into song and the resonant tones echoed across the river and drifted far away....

Pien Hung

The Road of Truth

Bathed in the early morning sun which turned the rippling Huangpu gold, I went on board a foreign freighter to carry out the duties entrusted me by my great motherland. I knocked at the door of a cabin, which immediately opened. I was taken aback by the sight of a sailor, who stood before me. "Isn't this Bado?" I asked myself.

Our eyes met.

"Ah, it's you, my dear old friend!"

Bado embraced me tightly as though wanting to lift me up.

"What a coincidence!" he said. "Come in and take a seat."

He cleaned up a table inviting me to sit beside it.

Without any preliminary remarks, I asked him, "Has Woodley come with you on this trip?"

"He's come in spirit."

Bado took out a photo from his pocket and showed it to me. It was a snapshot. A group of men and women guerrillas, standing on a demolished armoured car with raised guns, were cheering their victory, a scarlet banner fluttering by their side. Woodley was standing

among them, as alert as ever. He held high the red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*; a Chairman Mao badge sparkled on his chest. His bright eyes and prominent nose gave him an appearance of vigilance. I recalled the time I met him two years ago....

It was a bright morning. I was going on board a foreign cargo boat for my routine duty. As I stepped on the gangplank, a foreign sailor grasped my hand, his eyes fastened on the Chairman Mao badge I wore. I understood what he meant. Respectfully I presented the badge to him. Holding the gift carefully in his cupped hands, which were trembling with emotion, he gazed at it and cheered in a soft voice: "Mao Tsetung! Mao Tsetung!" Then he threw his arms round my neck hugging me happily and adding, "Woodley — that's what I am called. At last I've got one!"

He invited me to his cabin in the evening. With great warmth he told me this story about himself:

"I was originally a worker in a steel plant. There was a strike and my uncle, an old Communist, led the struggle. We were sold out by a traitor, and finally defeated. Before he died, my uncle held my hand in his and said very earnestly, 'Boy, you and your comrades must carry on the struggle courageously. I hope you can go to China. Learn the truth from Chairman Mao Tsetung. To be successful our revolution must follow and be guided by Mao Tsetung Thought.'

"This instruction was strictly carried out by the workers. They helped me and Bado cross the frontier that very night. We found a job as sailors on a cargo boat sailing to China. I got up very early every day and, with hope in my heart, looked towards the eastern horizon for the rising sun. Every time the red sun climbed up over the rolling waves, I felt as though I had seen Chairman Mao, great leader of revolution, the brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought, and the liberated, happy and prosperous New China. How I wished I had wings and could fly to your great motherland at once! You can imagine how happy I am today. My wish has come true. Words fail me when I see you, because my happiness is beyond words."

Woodley graspped my hand again, his eyes fixed on the Chairman Mao badge, unable to turn away....

I said, "Before liberation we working people here were slaves and hired hands, like you. Thanks to Chairman Mao who led us to overthrow the reactionaries and wipe out the imperialists from our land, holding high the banner of armed struggle, we have our happy life today. **'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.'** So our great leader teaches us. It is from the barrel of a gun that we won our happiness."

As he listened intently, Woodley's eyes grew larger and larger, sparkling with animation. He said excitedly, "What a great truth — **'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun'**!" Then he told me how anxious he was to get the treasured books by Chairman Mao. When the boat was weighing anchor, he stood by the railing, gazing at me, his eyes moist with tears. He said repeatedly, "We must follow the road pointed out by Chairman Mao."

Now looking at the snapshot, I could not help saying to myself, "Woodley, you've taken the right road — the road of truth, the road

to victory." Bado then said, "It's not only us but the American people too who'll take this road." Then he related the following incident:

The freighter was scheduled to sail to Panama after leaving China. On the way, however, a cable came from the head office instructing us to go to San Francisco instead. The captain's voice blared in the speaking tube: "Sailors, all the red propaganda material you collected in China must be disposed off immediately. If you refuse, you will be held responsible for the consequences when we reach American territorial waters." Woodley gritted his teeth and said, "To hell with you! Who asks you to be responsible for the revolution? Let's see what the Yankees will do with us!" He carefully wrapped the treasured books and concealed them in a bulkhead recess behind his bed.

As expected, officers from the U.S. Immigration Office came on board as soon as the boat dropped anchor. Woodley was just getting up. Bang! His cabin door was kicked open. The intruders began to search. A tall fellow made for his bed. He pulled open the concealed door of the recess with a swish. Woodley was about to jump on him when he swiftly shut it again without a word. Then he smiled....

The search ended. But Woodley felt quite uneasy for a while. In the evening, sitting alone in the cabin, he thought over the incident: Had that tall fellow discovered the secret?

A rap on the door. Woodley pulled it open. The same man stood before him. Before slipping in, he turned and looked round. Then he shut the door behind him.

"Friend, I'm not a bad egg," he said in a very friendly way. "Could you give me some of those treasured books by Chairman Mao Tsetung?"

Woodley, flabbergasted, stared at the unexpected visitor like a fool.

"I've already sent away those bastards," the fellow continued. "I can see you firmly believe in Mao Tsetung Thought. But please believe me, I also feel it's my sacred duty to defend Mao Tsetung Thought."

At this point the visitor yanked open his jacket, revealing the glittering Chairman Mao badge pinned on his shirt. Woodley's doubts disappeared. Warmly he offered the guest a seat.

"You've no idea how the American revolutionaries love Chairman Mao Tsetung!" the tall fellow whispered. "We realize more and more clearly that only by following the road pointed out by Chairman Mao can we win true freedom and liberation."

Woodley was very much touched. With both hands he offered the little red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and said affectionately, "Friend, I wish you success in your revolution."

The tall fellow pressed the treasured book to his chest. Time and again he cheered softly, but with great excitement, "Long live Mao Tsetung!"

It was already two o'clock in the morning when they parted....

After Bado had finished, my heart throbbed with emotions as ceaseless as the rolling waves of the Huangpu River.

"When you get back to your country," I said, "please remember us to Woodley."

"Yes, I will!" Then lowering his voice, he continued, "Woodley advised me to stick to my work on this line so that I can learn more truth from China. The revolution in my country needs it. Right now please give me a few more copies of Chairman Mao's solemn statement — *People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!*"

"Of course, I certainly will," I said.

I shook Bado's hand firmly. Looking at the works of Chairman Mao on the table and the glittering red Chairman Mao badge on his shirt, I seemed to see thousands upon thousands of Woodleys and Bados, holding high the great banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, marching along the road of armed struggle, the road that will surely lead to victory.

The Sculpture "Long Live the Victory of Mao Tsetung Thought" Completed

On the eve of the 21st anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, a huge sculpture entitled "Long Live the Victory of Mao Tsetung Thought" was completed in Shenyang, capital of Liaoning Province. It stands in Red Banner Square.

Beneath full-length statue of the great leader Chairman Mao, around the base, are eight groups of 58 worker-peasant-soldier heroes. The statue is 30 feet high, the base another 30, totalling 60 feet in all. "Long Live the Victory of Mao Tsetung Thought" is carved on the face of the pedestal in shining characters.

The eight groups represent heroic struggles waged by the Chinese people under the leadership of Chairman Mao during the last fifty years. The group in front of the pedestal depicts how armymen and civilians are carrying out the great call issued by Chairman Mao at the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party: **"Unite to win still greater victories."** The group at the back of the pedestal entitled "Party Building" shows the birth and growth of the Chinese Communist Party fostered and led personally by Chairman Mao. On the left are three groups portraying the struggle during the democratic revolution: "A Single Spark Can Start a Prairie Fire," "Long Live the People's War" and "Carry the Revolution to the End." On the right three groups depict the socialist revolution. They are called "Socialism Is Fine," "Long Live the Three Red Banners" and "Carry the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution Through to the End."

Kwangchow Ivory Carving Flourishing

Kwangchow ivory carving, which has a history of more than 1,500 years, has been greatly invigorated by the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

After New China was established, the ivory carvers, guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, created many fine works of art depicting revolutionary struggle. Later, however, Liu Shao-chi promoted a counter-revolutionary line in literature and art and led the ivory artists astray. During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the broad masses of ivory carvers smashed the counter-revolutionary line in literature and art and resumed their creative work under the guidance of Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*. More than one thousand new ivory carvings have been produced in recent years.

The National Institute of the Peasant Movement in Kwangchow was run under the personal supervision of the great leader Chairman Mao more than 40 years ago. It is now a museum which attracts the attention of all the revolutionary people. The ivory workers have created an ivory carving entitled *The Peasant Institute*, which is 3.5 feet long and 3 feet wide. The great leader Chairman Mao stands in front of the institute, his right hand pointing far ahead. More than 30 peasant students by his side listen attentively to his lecture. In the background of this ivory carving a red sun is shining over blossoming kapok trees and green pines. It is a magnificent scene.

Praising Heroes is a whole ivory 6 feet high, on which many heroes such as Wang Chieh, Lei Feng, Ouyang Hai and Chiao Yu-lu are carved. Through the poses of the figures and the scenery, the magnificent images and revolutionary quality of the heroes are brought out in bold relief.

While carrying on the traditions of the art, the ivory artists have made great improvements and innovations in their technique. The 28-inch flower boat is an example. It was completed last year, its design and style being quite new. On the nine decks of the flower boat over 1,000 figures of China's various nationalities are arranged inside and outside the cabin. Some of them are shown studying Chairman Mao's works, some singing and dancing, some talking together and others gazing afar into the distance. They are very lively and beautiful. The windows and doors on each deck of the boat can be opened and shut and each has a design on it.

Revolutionary Story Telling in Shanghai

Recently, revolutionary story telling has been one of the most popular cultural activities in Shanghai and its suburbs. In Chinshan County, for instance, well over 700 story tellers go frequently to the fields and tea-houses to tell the poor and lower-middle peasants short stories based on the new model revolutionary theatrical works. The story tellers also compose new tales about local developments, and so encourage the peasants to accomplish their central tasks of the season with success. Very satisfied, the poor and lower-middle peasants say: "They sing about heroes and we learn from the heroes. This inspires us. We'll turn all our countryside red."

Sixty story tellers in the municipal textile industry had told stories about heroes like Chin Hsun-hua, Yang Shui-tsai and Hsu Sung-pao more than 600 times in the past year to 590,000 listeners. Very impressed, they said: "Story telling is good political work. Whenever we come across difficulties we think of the heroes in the stories and our confidence increases."

Free from the limitation of stage settings, story telling, an art form liked by the masses very much, can be given at any time and place. It plays a great role in the three revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment.

To Trumpet Bourgeois Literature and Art Is to Restore Capitalism

By the Shanghai Writing Group for Revolutionary Mass Criticism

How to correctly appraise Western classical literature and art? Different classes have different answers.

Over the decades, Chou Yang, agent of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi in literary and art circles, stubbornly pushed an evil counter-revolutionary revisionist line opposed to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. This sinister line trumpeted bourgeois and revisionist theories and works of literature and art for the purpose of restoring capitalism. "The Renaissance," "the Enlightenment" and "critical realism" of the bourgeoisie all aimed at preparing public opinion for developing capitalism, establishing and consolidating the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie and at trying to rescue capitalism from extinction. That Chou Yang and his like adulated and advertised these fallacies is evidence of their criminal attempt to restore capitalism.

Guided by Mao Tsetung Thought on literature and art, the writers of this article, holding high the revolutionary banner of criticism and proceeding from the historical materialist viewpoint, penetratingly analyse "the Renaissance," "the Enlightenment" and "critical realism," exposing the intent of Chou Yang and company in trumpeting Western classical literature and art.

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